

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE YELLOW FLAG.

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AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI. A SAFE INVESTMENT.

"THE second floor front have come in, Ben," said Mrs. Mogg, of 19A, Poland-street, as she opened the door to her husband on a wet and windy autumnal evening; "she have come and brought her luggage—a green carpet-bag with a poll-parrot worked on it, and a foreign-looking bandbox tied up in a handkerchief—she's French, Ben, that's what she is!"

"Is she," said Mr. Mogg, shortly; "well, I'm hungry, that's what I am, so get me my tea." He had had a long and dirty walk home from the West India Docks, where he was employed as a warehouseman, and chattering in a windy passage about his wife's lodger scarcely seemed to him the most desirable way of employing his first moments at home.

But after despatching two large breakfast-cups of tea, and several rounds of hot salt buttered toast, from which the crust had been carefully cut away, Mr. Mogg was somewhat mollified, and wiping his mouth and fingers on the dirty table-cloth, felt himself in cue to resume the conversation.

"Oh, the new second floor has come, Martha, has she?" he commenced, "and she's French you think; well," continued Mr. Mogg, who was naturally rather slow in bringing his ideas into focus, "Dickson may or may not be a French name; that it's an English one we all know, but that's no reason that it should not be a French one too, there being, as is well known, several words which are the same in both languages."

"She wrote down P. Dickson when she came to take the rooms this morning, and I see P. D. worked on her portmonnaie when she took it out to pay the first week's rent in advance," said Mrs. Mogg.

"Then it's clear enough her name is Dickson," said Mr. Mogg, with a singular facility of reasoning. "What should you say she was now, Martha—you're good at reckoning 'em up, you are—what is the second floor front, should you say?"

"Either a gov'ness or a lady's-maid out of place," said Mrs. Mogg, decisively. "I thought she was a gov'ness until I see the sovereigns in her portmonnaie, and then made up my mind she was a lady's-maid as had given up her place either through a death or the family going abroad, or giving up housekeeping, and these were the sovereigns which she had just got from the wardrobe-shop for the perquisites and etceteras which she had brought away with her."

"You're a clear-headed one, you are," said Mr. Mogg, looking at his wife with great delight. "Has she had anything to eat?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Mogg, giggling with some asperity; "she brought a lettuce in with her I suppose, for when I went up to ask her whether I should get in any little trifle for breakfast, I found her eating of it, and dropping some lumps of sugar into a tumbler of water."

"Well, that's beastly," said Mr. Mogg; "these foreigners are disgusting in their ways, one always heard; but how did you make her understand you about breakfast?"

"Lor' bless yer, man, she speaks English first-rate, so well that when I first see her I thought she was a country-woman of mine from Norfolk."

"Well, so long as she pays regularly, and don't stop out late at night, it don't matter to us where she comes from," said Mr. Mogg, stretching out his arms, and indulging in a hearty yawn. "Now, Martha, get me any pipe, and when you have cleared these things away, come and sit down, and let's have a quiet talk about how we are to get rid of the German teacher in the back attic."

The newly-arrived tenant of the second floor, whom these worthies in the kitchen were thus discussing, was walking up and down her room in much the same manner as she had paced the platform at Lymington, or the Prado at Marseilles. It was very lucky that the occupant of the drawing-room, a gentleman who taught noblemen and senators the art of declamation, had not on that evening one of his usual classes, in which budding orators were accustomed to deliver Mark Anthony's speech over the sofa pillow, transformed for the nonce into the dead body of Cæsar, and where, to encourage his pupils, the professor would set forth that his name was Norval, and proceed to bewail the bucolic disposition of his parent, or the grinding sound of the heels above would have sadly interfered with the lesson. It was well that Pauline was not interrupted, for the demon of rage and jealousy was at work within her. The burning shame consequent on the belief that she had been deceived, and made a fool of, nearly madened her, and as every phase of the deceit to which she now imagined she had fallen so ready a victim, rose before her mind, she clasped her arms above her head and groaned aloud.

"To think," she cried, "that I, who had known him so long and so intimately, I, who had been his companion in his plottings and intrigues, who had sat by night after night, and day after day, watching the patience and skill with which he prepared the pitfalls for others, that I should be so blind, so weak, so besotted, as to fall into them myself. Lies from the first, and lie upon lie! A lie to the man Calverley, whose agent he pretended he would be, a lie to the old man Claxton, who obtained the place for him, and sent him the money by the pale-faced woman! Then a lie to me; a cleverer kind of lie! a lie involving some tracasserie, for I am not one to be deceived in the ordinary manner. To me he admitted he intended playing false with the others, and now I am reckoned among those whom he has hoodwinked and befooled!

"The notion that came across me at that place! It must be true! He never meant to come there; he sent me on a fool's errand, and he would never be within miles of the spot! The whole thing was a trick—a well-planned trick from the first, well-planned, and so plausible, too. The flight to Weymouth, then to Guernsey, hours of departure of trains and steamer all noted and arranged. What a cunning rogue! What a long-headed, plausible rascal! And the money, the two thousand pounds; many would be deceived by that. He thought I would argue that if he had intended to leave me, he never would have handed over to me those bank-notes.

"But I know him better! He is a vaurien, swindler, liar; but, though I suppose he never loved me in the way that other people understand love, I have been useful to him, and he has become used to me, so used that he cannot bear to think of me in misery or want. So he gave me the money to set his mind at ease, that my reproachful figure should not rise between him and his new-found happiness! Does he think that money can compensate me for the mental agony that I shall suffer always, that I suffer now? Does he think that it will save my wounded pride? That it will do away with the misery and degradation I feel? And having been cheated by a shallow artifice, will money deprive me of my memory, and stop the current of my thoughts? Because I shall not starve, can money bereave me of my fancies, or keep away mental pictures as will drive me mad to contemplate? I can see them all now, can see him with her, can hear the very phrases he will use, and can imagine his manner when he talks of love to her! How short a time it seems since I listened to those burning words from the same lips! How well I remember each incident in the happy journey from Marseilles, the pleasant days at Genoa, the long stay at Florence! Where has he gone now, I wonder? To what haunt of luxury and ease has he taken his new toy? Fool that I am to remain here dreaming and speculating, when I want to know, when I must know! I must, and will find out where they are, and then quickness, energy, perseverance—he has praised them more than once when they served him—shall be brought into play to work his ruin!"

At this point in her train of thought Pauline was interrupted by a knock at the door of her room. Starting at the sound, she raised her head and listened eagerly,

but whatever fancy she may have indulged in as to the idea as to who might be her visitor, was speedily dispelled by hearing the short sniff and the apologetic cough with which Mrs. Mogg was wont to herald her arrival, and being bade to come in, that worthy woman made her appearance, smiling graciously. It was Mrs. Mogg's habit to fill up such leisure as her own normal labour and active superintendence of the one domestic slave of the household, known as "Melia," permitted her, in paying complimentary calls upon her various lodgers, apparently with the view of looking after their comforts and tendering her services, but really with the intention of what she called "taking stock" of their circumstances, and making herself acquainted with any peculiarities likely, in her idea, to affect the question of her rent. Having thoroughly discussed the possibility of getting rid of the German teacher with her husband, and it being pleasantly arranged between them that that unfortunate linguist was to be decoyed into the street at as early a period as possible on the ensuing morning, and then and there locked out, his one miserable little portmanteau being detained as an hostage, Mrs. Mogg was in excellent spirits, and determined to make herself agreeable to her new lodger.

"Good evening, ma'am," she commenced, "time being getting late, and this being your first night under our humble roof, I took the liberty of looking in to see if things was comfortable, or there was anything in the way of a Child's night-light or that, you might require."

Almost wearied out with the weight of the wretched thoughts over which, for the last forty-eight hours, she had been brooding, Pauline felt the relief even of this interruption, and answered graciously and with as much cheerfulness as she could assume. "The room was comfortable," she said, "and there was nothing she required; but would not madame sit down? She seemed to be always hard at work, and must be tired after climbing those steep stairs. Perhaps she would not object to a little refreshment?"

Mrs. Mogg's eyes gleamed as from her neat hand-bag Pauline produced a small silver flask, and pouring some of its contents into a tumbler, handed the water-bottle to her landlady, to mix for herself.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Mogg, seating herself on one of the two rush-bottomed chairs, and smoothing her apron

over her lap with both her hands. "It is a pull up the stairs after one's been hard at it all day, and a little drop of comfort like this does one no harm, whatever they may say against it, more especially when it's like this, and not the vitriol and mahogany shavings which they sell by the quartern at the Goldsmith's Arms. You didn't bring this from France with you, did you, ma'am?"

"Oh no," said Pauline, with a half smile. "It is a long time since I left France."

"Ah, so I should think," said Mrs. Mogg, "by your civilised ways of going on, let alone your speaking our language so capital. Mogg, meaning my husband, was in France once, at Boolong, with the Foresters' excursion, and thought very high of the living he got during the two hours he was there."

"Ah, you have a husband," said Pauline, beginning to lapse into dreariness.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and as good a husband as woman could wish, a hard-working man, and taking no holidays save with the Foresters to the Crystal Palace, Easter Mondays, and such like. He's in the docks is Mogg."

"In the docks!" said Pauline; "he would know then all about ships?"

"Oh no, ma'am," said Mrs. Mogg, with a slight toss of the head, "that's the Katherine's Docks you're thinking of, where the General Steam goes from. Mogg is in the West India Docks: he's in the sale-room—horns and hides, and other foreign produce."

"Then he has nothing to do with ships?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am. It would be easier work for him if he had, though more out-door work, but his is terrible hard work, more especially on sale days. He's regular tired out to-night, poor man, for to-day has been a sale day, and Mogg was at it from morning till night, attending to Mr. Calverley's consignments."

"Mr. Calverley!" cried Pauline, roused at last. "Do you know him?"

"Oh no, not I, ma'am," said the landlady, "only through hearing of him from Mogg. He's one of the largest merchants in horns and hides, is Mr. Calverley, and there is never a ship-load comes in but he takes most of it. Mogg has done business for him—leastways for the house, for when Mogg knew it first Mr. Calverley was only a clerk there—for the last thirty years."

"Is Mr. Calverley married?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. He married Mrs. Gurwood, which was Miss Lorraine before

she married Mr. Gurwood, who killed himself with drink and carryings on. A pious lady, Mrs. Calverley, though haughty and stand-offish, and, they do say, keeping Mr. C.'s nose to the grindstone close."

"And Mr. Calverley, what is he like?"

"Not much to look at, ma'am, but the kindest and the best of men. My nephew Joe is light porter in their house, and the way in which Mr. Calverley behaves to him—half-holiday here, half a crown there, Christmas-boxes regular, and cold meat and beer whenever he goes up to the house—no tongue can tell. Likewise most bountiful to Injuns and foreigners of all kinds, Spaniards and that like, providing for children and orphans, and getting them into hospitals, or giving them money to go back to their own country."

"Where is Mr. Calverley's address—his business address; his office I mean?"

"In Mincing-lane, in the City, ma'am. It's as well known as the Bank of England, or the West India Docks themselves. May I make so bold as to inquire what you want with Mr. Calverley, ma'am?" said Mrs. Mogg, whose curiosity, stimulated by the brandy and water, was fast getting the better of her discretion; "if it's anything in the horn and hide way," she added, as the notion of something to be made on commission crossed her mind, "I am sure anything that Mogg could do, he would be most happy."

"No, thank you," said Pauline, coldly; "my inquiry had nothing to do with business."

And shortly after Mrs. Mogg, seeing that her lodger had relapsed into thought, and had replaced the silver flask in her hand-bag, took her departure.

"What that Frenchwoman can want with Mr. Calverley," said she to her husband, after she had narrated to him the above conversation, "is more than I can think; his name came up quite promiscuous, and she never stopped talking about him, while I was there. She'd have gone on gossiping till now, but I had my work to do, and told her so, and came away."

Mrs. Mogg's curiosity was not responded to by her husband, a man naturally reticent and given in the interval between his supper and his bed to silent pipe-smoking. "They're a rum lot, foreigners," he said, and after that he spoke no more.

Meanwhile Pauline, left to herself, at once resumed the tiger-like pacing of her room. "I must not lose sight," she said,

"of any clue which is likely to serve me. Where he is she will be, and until I have found them both and made them feel what it is to attempt to play the fool with me—me, Pauline Durham—I shall not rest satisfied. I must find means to become acquainted with this man Calverley, for sooner or later he will hear something of Tom Durham, whom he believes to have gone to Ceylon as his agent, and whose non-arrival there will of course be reported to him. So long as my husband, and the poor puny thing for whom he has deserted me, can force money from the old man Classon, or Claxton, or whatever his name is, they will do so. But in whatever relations she may stand to him, when he discovers her flight he will stop the supplies, and I should think Monsieur Durham will probably turn up with some cleverly concocted story to account for his quitting the ship. They will learn that by telegraph from Gibraltar, I suppose, and he will again seek for legitimate employment. Meanwhile, I have the satisfaction of striking him with his own whip and stabbing him with his own dagger, by using the money which he gave me to help me in my endeavours to hunt him down. The money! It is there safe enough!"

As she placed her hand within the bosom of her dress, a curious expression, first of surprise, then of triumph, swept across her face. "The letter!" she said, as she pulled it forth, "the letter, almost as important as the bank-notes themselves, Tom Durham called it. It is sealed! Shall I open it; but for what good? To find, perhaps, a confession that he loves me no more, that he has taken this means to end our connexion, and that he has given me the money to make amends for his betrayal of me—shall I—Bah! doubtless it is another part of the fraud, and contains nothing of any value."

She broke the seal as she spoke, opened the envelope, and took out its contents, a single sheet of paper, on which was written:

I have duly received the paper you sent me, and have placed it intact in another envelope, marked, "Akhbar K," which I have deposited in the second drawer of my iron safe. Besides myself no one but my confidential head clerk knows even as much as this, and I am glad that I declined to receive your confidence in the matter, as my very ignorance may at some future time be of service to you,

or—don't think me harsh, but I have known you long enough to speak plainly to you—you may prevent my being compromised. The packet will be given up to no one but yourself in person, or to some one who can describe the indorsement, as proof that they are accredited by you.

H. S.

This letter Pauline read and re-read over carefully, then with a shoulder shrug returned it to its envelope, and replaced it in her bosom.

"Mysterious," she said, "and unsatisfactory, as is everything connected with Monsieur Durham! The paper to which this letter refers is of importance, doubtless, but what it may contain, and who 'H. S.' may be, are equally unknown to me, and without that information I am helpless to make use of it. Let it remain there! A time may come when it will be of service. Meanwhile I have the two thousand pounds to work with, and Monsieur Calverley to work upon; he is the only link which I can see at present to connect me with my fugitive husband. Through him is the only means I have of obtaining any information as to the whereabouts of this pair of escaped turtle-doves. The clue is slight enough, but it may serve in default of a better, and I must set my wits to work to make it useful."

So the night went on, and the Mogg household, the proprietors themselves in the back kitchen, the circulating librarian in the parlours, the Italian nobleman, who dealt in cameos and coral, and bric-a-brac jewellery, in the drawing-room, the Belgian basso, who smoked such strong tobacco, and cleared his throat with such alarming vehemence, in the second floor back, and the German teacher in ignorance of his intended forcible change of domicile in the attic, all these slept the sleep of the just, and snored the snores of the weary, while Pauline, half-undressed, lay upon her bed, with eyes indeed half closed, but with her brain active and at work. In the middle of the night, warned, by the rapid decrease of her candle, that in a few minutes she would be in darkness, she rose from the bed, and taking from her carpet-bag a small neat blotting-book, she sat down at the table, and in a thin, clear, legible hand, to the practised eye eminently suggestive of hotel bills, wrote the following letter:

19A, Poland-street, Soho.

MONSIEUR,—As a Frenchwoman domiciled in England, the name of Monsieur Cal-

verley has become familiar to me as that of a gentleman—ah, the true English word!—who is renowned as one of the most constant and liberal benefactors to all kinds of charities for distressed foreigners. Do not start, monsieur, do not turn aside or put away this letter in the idea that you have already arrived exactly at its meaning and intention. Naturally enough you think that the writer is about to throw herself on your mercy, and to implore you for money or for admission into one of those asylums towards the support of which you do so much. It is not so, monsieur, though, were my circumstances different, it is to you I should apply, knowing that your ear is never deaf to such complaint. I have no want of money, though my soul is crushed, and I am well and strong in body though my heart is wounded and bleeding, calamities for which, even in England, there are no hospitals nor doctors. Yet, monsieur, am I one of that clientèle which you have so nobly made your own, the foreigners in distress. Do you think that the only distressed foreigners are the people who want to give lessons, or get orders for wine and cigars, the poor governesses, the demoiselles de magasin, the emigrés of the Republic and the Empire? No, there is another kind of distressed foreigner, the woman with a small sum on which she must live for the rest of her days, in penury if she manages ill, in decent thrift if she manages well. Who will guide her? I am such a woman, monsieur. To my own country, where I have lost all ties, and where remain to me but sad memories, I will not return. In this land where, if I have no ties, yet have I no sad memories, I will remain. I have a small sum of money, on the interest of which I must exist, and to you I apply, monsieur. You, the merchant prince, the patron and benefactor of my countrymen, to advise in the investment of this poor sum, and keep me from the hands of charlatans and swindlers who otherwise would rob me of it. I await your gracious answer,

Monsieur, and am

Your servant,

PALMYRE DU TERTRE.

The next morning Pauline conveyed this letter to the office in Mincing-lane, and asked to see Mr. Calverley, but on being told by a smart clerk that Mr. Calverley was out of town, visiting the ironworks in the North, and would not be back for

some days, she left the letter in the clerk's hands, and begged for an answer at his chief's convenience.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

SCULPTURE is one of the few arts in which the moderns have not improved upon the ancients. More even than that, it is an art which has necessarily deteriorated for political, social, and religious reasons, which are inconsistent with such admiration and encouragement as were bestowed upon it by the Greeks under whom it attained its highest perfection. Sculpture is essentially pagan, mythological, and poetical in its origin and progress, and all the masterpieces which the world owes to the sculptors of Greece, as well as those, not few in number, which it owes to the modern professors of the art, derive all their beauty and grandeur from these sources. Without these elements sculpture is little better than image-making. In music, poetry, and sculpture, the divine idea of creation is always latent, otherwise an organ-grinder would be considered a musician, a verse-maker a poet, and a wood-carver a sculptor. In modern sculpture the divine idea has gradually been lost sight of, and threatens, more especially in our public monuments, to be wholly extinguished. The mission of music is to inspire joy, hope, and adoration, and to express courage, love, and a pleasing melancholy. The mission of poetry is to excite the human soul to the love of the beautiful and the true, to exhibit the soul of goodness that may lie in things evil, and to run over the whole range of human thought for the purposes of its elevation. The mission of sculpture is to dignify, to exalt, to ennoble, to spiritualise the human body; that body which we are told is made in the image of its Creator, and than which nothing more beautiful exists on this earth, a body in which no improvement can be suggested or imagined.

Without going back to the first rude attempts at sculpture by savage and semi-civilised races, we shall find that sculpture owes its refinement as well as its origin to religion. Its earliest and best efforts in Greece, its home and school, if not its cradle, were images of the gods and goddesses, personifying the beneficent forces of Nature. These images, as grand, as sublime, as lovely as the imagination of a highly imaginative people could make them,

were erected in the temples set apart for public worship, as well as in the highways and market-places, and in the houses of the wealthy citizens. Next after the gods and goddesses came the heroes and heroines of history and tradition, the conquerors, the lawgivers, the sages, whose memory the people delighted to honour, whose statues were erected by a grateful country, to excite the emulation of the living. In an age when gods, goddesses, and demi-gods are only recognised in mythology and fiction, sculpture must of necessity live upon imitation of its past glories, or accommodate itself to the forms and wants of a new civilisation.

So little in our time is known of the true principles of this divine art, that about a hundred years ago the great lexicographer, Doctor Samuel Johnson, defined sculpture as "the art of carving wood and hewing stone into images." Most, if not all, of his successors, following in the groove he had hollowed out for them, adopted his bald and erroneous definition without attempting an improvement. Doctor Worcester, whose dictionary, imperfect as it is, is about the best which the English language yet possesses, goes into further details than Johnson, and explains sculpture to be "the art of carving or chiselling in wood, stone, or other materials, or of forming images or statues of visible objects from solid substances." If either the first or the second of these definitions could be accepted as correct, it would follow that the men who made children's dolls or rocking-horses, and who carved figure-heads for ships, and the wooden and painted Highlanders that formerly stood at the doors of snuff and cigar shops, were sculptors, and that Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition is a gallery of sculpture. It is proverbially difficult to define poetry, wit, or humour, and other great words that represent great ideas, but it ought not to be difficult to define sculpture, as the ancients understood it.

A piece of sculpture, primarily, means something that is carved, cut out, or chiselled, of solid and enduring material. It means in a secondary sense an image, not carved, cut, or chiselled, but modelled in a plastic material such as wax or clay, and then cast into bronze or other metal.

Sculpture, unlike the kindred art of painting, has not an unlimited range. To the painter no subject is alien or inadmissible. Morland is no more prohibited from painting a pig, or Sir Edwin Landseer a

horse or a fox, than Sir Thomas Lawrence from painting a beautiful woman; and whether the painter chooses animate or inanimate nature for the display of his art, the world is alike pleased with his work if it be well executed. To the painter all the realms of nature and humanity in all their moods are open—the grand, the graceful, the solemn, the ludicrous, the grotesque. He can choose what he will, and if he prefers to leave humanity unrepresented, and to confine himself to the lower creation, to the landscape, the sea-scape, the garden and the forest, it is open to him to court, to deserve, and to receive the admiration of the world. Not so the sculptor. It is his function to deal with humanity alone. Underlying the whole scope, purpose, and function of ancient and modern sculpture is the idea of grace, beauty, tenderness, grandeur, and sublimity, as represented in the human form. Sometimes, but only in connexion with a human action or interest, the sculptor is allowed to exercise his art in the inferior creation, and to represent the horse, the lion, the dog, the antelope, or some other animal to whose form or motions the idea of grace, beauty, or power is attached. In the rudest idolatrous times, figures of cows and other animals were set up to be worshipped, but when sculpture really became an art, no sculptor thought of executing a statue of any animal, except in conjunction with some dignified representation of man or woman. Comic, vulgar, and ludicrous figures, whether carved in stone or wood, or cast in molten metal, do not appertain to the sculptor's art. They are mere carving and casting, and are the work of the artificer and the mechanic, and not of the artist and poet.

Although the ancient Greek sculptors sometimes coloured parts of their work, it gradually became recognised by the greater artists that colour was inadmissible. A mere image might be coloured; but a statue depended for its beauty and excellence upon form alone. Sculpture may, therefore, be defined as the art of representing by form alone the noblest and most beautiful objects that exist upon our earth—men, or women—representing them without adornment, and in their highest aspects and most perfect developments—pure, exalted, dignified, idealised, ennobled. The nude statue of a beautiful woman representing all the beauties that are possible in all women, or the nude statue of a man in the prime of his youthful manhood, representing in like manner the

strength, the courage, the wisdom, the virtue, the perfect harmony of a great soul in a noble body, are the most admirable works that a sculptor can produce. It is true that the ancient sculptors represented their deities under these forms of grace and beauty, but the fact remains that the forms were human, and that the sculptor presented to the world in his works the highest ideal of what the human form might be under its noblest aspects. And it is only because the forms are human that they excite our admiration. Next to these, in grace, dignity, and majesty, are the draped or partially draped figures of similar men or women, single or in groups. All other forms of sculpture are inferior to these, for reasons that will be exhibited hereafter.

Modern sculptors can appeal but imperfectly to the religious sentiment of our day. They may give us their ideas in bronze or marble of the majesty of Zeus, the divine beauty of Apollo, the entrancing loveliness of Aphrodite, the martial vigour of Ares, the proud, self-sufficient womanhood of Juno, and the serene wisdom of Hermes; but these, however beautiful, appeal only to classic traditions. They charm the poetic instinct, and gratify the imagination, but they cannot touch the heart. The religious aids of which advantage can be taken by the sculptor in our day are but three, either in Protestant or in Roman Catholic countries. The first is the Crucifixion, which, artistically speaking, is not one that ministers to the feelings which the noblest specimens of the sculptor's genius are calculated to inspire; second, the Virgin Mary and the Apostles, which are of necessity draped forms whenever represented, and which would not be tolerated in the nude; and, third, the figures of cherubim and seraphim, and the angels generally. These last, whether nude or draped, and however beautiful on the painter's canvas, are, when represented by sculpture, monstrosities. The figures of stately men or beautiful women, with wings superadded, are doubtless more pleasing to look at than dragons, griffins, and other outrages upon taste and nature, which we owe to the Heralds' Colleges and the barbaric notions of our ancestors, but they are not to be defended upon any principle of beauty, of anatomy, of nature, of art, or of reason. The lovely proportions of the divine forms of the Apollo Belvidere, of Aphrodite Kallipyge, or of the Venus di Medici, would be utterly destroyed were a sculptor to affix wings to their shoulders. Every

sculptor who moulds the figure of the conventional angel with the superadded pinions forfeits his claim to stand in the front rank of his art; and must be enrolled among the image makers. And not only wings, but all additions to the human form are errors in art. The imagination of man can devise no improvement on the human shape.

As throughout Christendom the highest order of sculpture, the nude-beautiful and the nude-heroic, is no longer under the patronage of the State or the Church, the inducements held out to sculptors to exercise their genius in such masterpieces as we owe to the great artists of ancient Greece is concentrated within narrow limits. It is only the very wealthy who can bestow adequate reward on the production of such works, and comparatively few even among them who possess alike the taste to order, and the house-room to lodge with adequate and appropriate surroundings, such triumphs of art. Unable, except in rare instances, to indulge his sense of beauty by the creation of works of this order, the sculptor who would live by the exercise of his genius, must betake himself to those more remunerative branches of his profession which modern civilisation now allows. These are three; first, the design and execution of statues sometimes, though very rarely, undertaken at the national cost, and more commonly by public or private subscription, to be set up in wall-halls, pantheons, cathedrals, or in the highways, to honour the memory of the great and good men illustrious in arms, in science, or in literature; second, the mortuary monuments erected in churches and burial places, by private affection to the memory of the departed; and third, the portrait busts of living men and women, who desire by themselves, or through the intervention of their friends and admirers, to perpetuate their likenesses in this fashion. It cannot be admitted that modern sculpture, either in the British Isles or the European Continent, or in the United States, excels in either of these three departments. The taste of the public at home and abroad is low and uneducated, and too commonly expects from the statue or the bust that which it expects from the portrait and the photograph—literal truth to nature; which in poetic sculpture (and if sculpture be not poetical it is mere image-manufacturing) is undesirable.

In treating *seriatim* all the branches of sculpture, ancient and modern, which we

have attempted to classify, we shall commence with

THE NUDE.

The nude is divisible into the nude-beautiful and the nude-heroic. The modern sculptor, as already stated, is prohibited from meddling with either of these highest developments of his art, unless he goes back to classical antiquity for his subjects. There have, however, been some beautiful exceptions to this otherwise hard and fast rule, and we proceed to enumerate them. The graceful statues by E. H. Bailey, Eve at the Fountain, a masterpiece of art, which ancient sculptors may have equalled, but never can have excelled, and Eve Listening to the Voice, which would have been as much and as deservedly admired if it had been given to the world before its companion—are the first that suggest themselves to the memory. Here the subject has the advantage of being religious, and the nudity, pure as the mother of mankind in the days of her innocence, when she knew no shame, is as appropriate as it is lovely.

Another example by Mr. E. D. Palmer, an American sculptor, of Albany, in the State of New York, is equally striking. The figure represents a nobly formed Puritan girl, the daughter of one of the "pilgrim fathers," stripped and tied to the stake, preparatory to her cremation by the Indians. In this figure innocence, modesty, beauty, supplication, and terror are inextricably blended, all apparent, but not one overmastering the other in the composition. The whole figure haunts the memory of all who are competent to criticise it as a joy and a sorrow for ever. Here, too, it is the religious element which gives dignity to the work, as may be seen by comparison with the well-known statue of the Greek Slave by Hiram Powers. This last, which was made familiar to the British public by the Great Exhibition of 1851, is nothing more than the image of a girl, who might as well, or better, have been draped, and does not even appeal to the sense of the beautiful, and only appeals to it to compel the verdict of the on-looker that the beauty is not of the highest order, and does not represent that of perfect, healthy, and unsurpassable womanhood, like Palmer's Puritan Girl, or Bailey's incomparable Eve.

The same reasoning applies to the use of the nude heroic, and forbids the modern sculptor to seek his subjects among the heroes of modern times, and compels him to go back to the mythological period. The

late Patrick Park modelled in Edinburgh a gigantic undraped statue, eighteen feet high, of the great Scottish patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace. A friendly critic remonstrated against the nudity. The sculptor defended it. "Wallace," he said, "though he was once a man, has become a myth, and as a myth he does not require drapery." The reasoning would have been correct if the fact had been true. Wallace is a great historical character and not a myth; but if the sculptor had called him Hercules the plea would have been allowed, and the nudity would have excited no unfavourable comment. In consequence of the mistake in which the sculptor persisted, he could induce no one to support him in the design of erecting it in Scotland. It excited the laughter of many, and the reprobation of more, until in a gust of passionate disappointment he seized a hammer and dashed his work to pieces. On a smaller scale, and as the representative of a personage in Greek mythology, the work would have excited universal admiration. In like manner, the sculptor who executed a nude statue of the Great Napoleon, which long stood, and perhaps still stands, at the foot of the staircase in the Duke of Wellington's London residence, committed a grave error. The naked portrait of a man who lived so recently is an offence not only against the principles of high art, but against decency, as perhaps the great Duke of Wellington would have himself admitted, if any sculptor had been daring enough to model a nude statue of Arthur Wellesley.

The nude statues executed by the Greek sculptors, that have come down to our time, are comparatively few in number, but are nearly all excellent, and in accordance with the purest and highest principles of art. There is, however, one, and that perhaps the most celebrated, which if critically considered, in reference to the great rule that nudity to be graceful as well as inoffensive must of necessity be pure and modest, does not merit all the praise that for many centuries has been lavished upon it. The statue is known as the Venus di Medici, and is familiar to most people from the many casts which have been made of it, and exhibited in all the museums and public galleries of the capitals of Europe. Byron says of it in *Childe Harold*:

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives.

So entranced is the poet with the lovely vision that he will not tolerate either the praise or the blame of professional or other critics.

I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell,
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

Yet in spite of this glowing eulogy and bitter deprecation of adverse opinion, and in spite also of the all-prevailing chorus of praise that has been lifted up for ages in reference to this work, it cannot be accepted as a true representation of the divine Aphrodite of the Greeks, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, or even as the highest ideal of a woman. The form is sensual as well as sensuous, which detracts from its perfect beauty; and the attitude of the goddess, which is that of a woman surprised in her nudity by profane or prying eyes, suggests humanity rather than divinity, the sense of impudicity, rather than the bold, fearless, and unsuspecting innocence of one who knows not wrong, and who never wore drapery or clothes, and cannot therefore feel shame in being without them. Bailey's Eve is in this respect far superior to the Venus di Medici. The sensuous beauty, full, complete, and highly spiritualised, exists in the modern work without the shadow of a flaw. The ancient statue suggests Aspasia rather than Aphrodite, and the action of the two hands is such, that the divinity disappears in the mere mortal.

The heroic form of the Apollo Belvidere is so nearly nude that it may be included under this category, and contrasted with the perfectly nude form of the Venus di Medici. The praise bestowed upon it is universal and unanimous, and all concentrated and crystallised in the splendid lines of Lord Byron:

The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life and poesy and light,
The sun in human limbs arrayed; and brow
All radiant for his triumph in the fight.

But in this delicate form a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with.

The form is strictly and in every respect human, yet the look, the gesture, the attitude, all portray the divinity which the artist intended to represent. Nothing is added to the perfect humanity of the shape. Nothing suggests the unhuman, and everything the superhuman, but in no respect is anything so superhuman as to place it

beyond the sympathetic admiration of the men and women for whose eyes it was intended.

There is another nude or all but nude statue, less celebrated than the Apollo Belvidere, and known as the Mercury or Antinous of the Vatican. This work is esteemed by most critics as not inferior even to the Apollo as a perfect model of human symmetry. The creation—for it is such—is dignified and exalted. It represents man at his very best, his beauty unimpaired in its perfect development by excess, neglect, age, and original or inherited malformation; the admirable progeny of long lines of ancestors, who lived nobly and simply according to the dictates of nature; when the good, the beautiful, and the healthful only mated with the good, the beautiful, and the healthful, and showed by the result what all men might become, if their forefathers and foremothers through countless ages had been exalted in their loves and wise in their selection.

PLAYING UPON NAMES.

PUNNING, says a hater of word-twisting, punning is execrable enough, but to pun upon names is worse still. Execrable or no, great wits have not thought it beneath them. Shakespeare, who dearly loved a pun, frequently indulges himself in playing upon a name. Methodically-mad Petruchio calls his termagant lady his

Super dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates:

and furthermore declares:

I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate,
Conformable, as other household Kates.

Falstaff is ever playing upon his swaggering ancient's name, telling him he will double charge him with dignities, charge him with sack, or dismissing him with, "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." When Bardolph announces that Master Brook has sent the knight a morning draught, Sir John exclaims: "Call him in; such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor!" And after his misadventure at Datchet Mead he says: "Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford!" So, examining his pressed men, the fat rogue tells Mouldy it is the more time he was used; Shadow, that he is likely to make a cold soldier, but will serve for summer; Wart, that he is a ragged wart; and finishes by crying, "Prick me Bullcalf till he roar

again!" But, like other jokers, honest Jack did not enjoy such humour when he was the butt, for it angered him to the heart when Prince Hal, setting a dish of apple-johns on the table, took off his hat, saying, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights!" When Jack Cade harangues his followers with "We, Jack Cade, so termed of our supposed father," Dick, the butcher, puts in the words, "Rather of stealing a cade of herrings;" and upon his leader's asserting his wife was a descendant of the Laceys, interpolates, "She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces."

Sometimes our great dramatist plays upon a name in most sober sadness, making Northumberland receive the fatal news from Shrewsbury field with the inquiry:

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, cold-spur?

and the dying old soldier, John o' Gaunt, plays nicely with his name, to the wonderment of his unworthy nephew, as he gasps out:

Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast—I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting, has thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

In his Sonnets, we find Shakespeare twisting his own name about to soften the heart of an obdurate fair one:

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And Will, thy soul knows, is admitted there.
Thus far you love, my love suit, love, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.

Make but my name thy love, and love that still.
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is Will.

Whether certain lines inscribed to Ann Hathaway were written by her famous husband in his courting days or not, they afford too excellent a specimen of the art of rhythmical punning on names to be passed over. In its way the following stanza stands unsurpassed:

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, good heart, Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To make grief bliss, Ann hath a way.

As modern burlesque writers hold themselves licensed to distort words out of all recognition in order to produce what they call a pun, so, when complimentary playing upon names was in vogue, literary flatterers allowed themselves strange liberties. Capgrave, the chronicler, did not hesitate at antedating the death of Henry the Fifth to make it fall upon the feast of St. Felix, as most appropriate to a person who was felicitous in all things. Nicholls, the writer of a poem entitled *Virtue's Encomium*, puzzled how to deal with Sir Robert Wroth's name, got over the difficulty in this ingenious fashion:

Worth's chief is dead, since worthy He is gone,
Who of that name most worthy was alone.
Ye poor and hungry, all his grave go find,
That holds the body of so pure a mind.
There sit ye down and sigh for bounty dead,
Bounty with that brave knight, to heaven is fled;
Where since he came, Heaven, as it doth appear,
Wanting a star to set by bounteous Clare,
In Wroth did place the o before the r,
And made it Worth, which since is made a star.

Love is a much better versifier than expectant gratitude. An admirer of a pretty girl named Rain thus gave expression to his feelings:

Whilst shivering beaux at weather rail,
Of frost, and snow, and wind and hail,
And heat, and cold complain;
My steadier mind is always bent
On one sole object of content—
I ever wish for Rain!
Hymen, thy votary's prayer attend,
His anxious hope and suit befriend,
Let him not ask in vain;
His thirsty soul, his parched estate,
His glowing breast commiserate—
In pity give him Rain!

Equally happy are the lines on a young lady named Careless:

Oh! how I could love thee, thou dear Careless thing!
(Oh, happy, thrice happy! I'd envy no king.)
Were you Careful for once to return me my love,
I'd care not how Careless to others you'd prove.
I then should be Careless how Careless you were;
And the more Careless you, still the less I should care.

When Mrs. Little earned the Queen's guineas, and a friend remarked, "Every little helps!" the reminder was doubtless consoling to the happy father, who otherwise might have thought three times a little rather too much of a good thing. Brougham perpetrated a fair joke in accounting for Campbell's absence from his accustomed place in court, by telling Judge Abbott the missing barrister was suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, when he was really doing the honeymoon with his bride, *née* Scarlett. Still better was Bishop Philpott's defence of Lord Courtney's marriage with Miss Clack upon a lady objecting to the bride's want of family. "Want of family? Why, the Courtneys may date from the Conquest, but the Clacks

are as old as Eve." When a middle-aged coquette settled down in wedlock with a Mr. Wake, Miss Austen wrote:

Maria, good-humoured, and handsome, and tall,
For a husband was at her last stake;
And having in vain danced at many a ball,
Is now happy to jump at a Wake.

Miss Holmes, the lady president of an American Total Abstinence Society, gave her hand to a Mr. Andrew Horn, thereby provoking the marriage lines:

Fair Julia lived a temperance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn;
But still her wicked neighbours said,
"She broke the pledge and took A. Horn."

When a Miss Snowdon became Mrs. White, a rhyming punster wrote of her as a lady:

Who always was Snowdon by night and by day,
Yet never turned white, did not even look grey;
But Hymen has touched her, and wonderful sight,
Though no longer Snowdon, she always is White.

This is pretty fair, but not so smart as the lines commemorating the union of Mr. Job Wall and Miss Mary Best:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest,
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone;
Though 'twas clear to his friends, she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

Matrimonial cases apart, your punster rarely has an opportunity of playing upon two names at the same time. In the student days of Campbell the poet, he had such a chance given him, and could not resist the temptation. In the Trongate, Glasgow, Drum, a spirit dealer, and Fife, an apothecary, were next-door neighbours, the latter displaying over his window the inscription, "Ears pierced by A. Fife." One night, Campbell and a couple of chums fixed a long fir board from the window of one shop to that of the other, bearing in flaming capitals the Shakespearian line, "the spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife." A conjunction of names may be disagreeably suggestive; the proprietor of an Illinois newspaper felt obliged to decline an otherwise desirable partnership proposal, from the impossibility of arranging the names satisfactorily, since the title of the firm must read either Steel and Doolittle, or Doolittle and Steel, so he wrote: "We can't join, one partner would soon be in the workhouse, and the other in the penitentiary." When Manners, Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas Stow, "Honores mutant Mores," the chancellor retorted, "It stands better in English—Honours change Manners." The same names were brought

together rather cleverly, when Archbishop More was succeeded by Doctor Manners Sutton, in some lines complimentary to both dignitaries :

What say you? The archbishop's dead?
A loss indeed. Oh, on his head,
May Heaven its blessings pour,
But if, with such a heart and mind,
In Manners we his equal find,
Why should we wish for More.

Epitaph writers have so often punned, sadly or saucily, upon the dead, that the selection of a few examples is a puzzling matter. An epitaph in Waltham Abbey informs us that Sir James Fullerton, sometime first gentleman of the bedchamber to King Charles the First, "died Fuller of faith than of fears, Fuller of resolution than of pains, Fuller of honour than of days." The connubial virtues of Daniel Tears are recorded in the couplet :

Though strange yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

Much more dubious in expression are the last lines of the inscription to the memory of Dean Cole, of Lincoln :

When the latter trump of Heaven shall blow
Cole, now raked up in ashes, then shalt glow.

Of jocular performances of this kind, two odd specimens will suffice :

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile,
But reflect as this tombstone you view ;
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while,
Will huddle a stone upon you !

And this upon an organist :

Here lies one, blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth,

Vicar Chest turned the bones of Martin, the regicide, out of the chancel of Chestow Church, an act the vicar's son-in-law resented by inditing the following epitaph for him when he required one :

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another.
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other?

General Worsley, the officer to whose charge "that bauble" was given by Cromwell, was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel with great ceremony. The next morning the stone above his grave bore the words "Where never Worse Lay," words written upon it by the dead man's own brother-in-law, Roger Kenyon, member for Clitheroe, who had returned to the abbey after the funeral party (of which he was one) departed, that he might vent his hatred of the Protector by abusing his favourite officer. Party feeling is apt to find savage expression even in our own times; when Governor Grey and the colonists of the Cape took different views on

the convict question, the following lines appeared :

Mankind have long disputed at the Cape
About the devil's colour and his shape.
The Hottentots declared that he was white,
The Dutchman swore that he was black as night.
But now all sink their difference, and say,
They feel quite certain that the devil's—Grey.

A comical instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!" "That's strange, sir," exclaimed the servant. "So it is, my man, you've hit it," replied the judge, as he walked away, leaving the servant as ignorant as before.

Swift's friend, Doctor Ash, would have relished Strange's joke infinitely. Soon after the passing of an Act for the protection of growing timber, the doctor turning into an inn for shelter, asked the waiter to help him off with his coat; the man refused on the plea that it was felony to strip an Ash, an answer so much to the doctor's taste, that he declared he would have given fifty pounds to have made the pun himself.

A gentleman who never had been known to make a pun in his life, achieved one under very peculiar circumstances. Captain Creed and Major Pack were fighting a double duel with Mr. Mathews and Mr. Macnamara. The first named falling before his opponent's sword, Pack exclaimed, "What, have you gone, poor Creed?" "Yes," cried Mathews, "and you shall quickly pack after him," and with the words he brought the major to the ground by a thrust through the body.

In justice to our readers we must not trifle longer with their patience; but we cannot resist quoting the lines with which a poetess added grace to her contribution to the fund raised for the widow of Hood :

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty—and none should,
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow—Hood!

a quatrain worthy of the great poet-punster himself.

MY CHILD LOVE.

How we played among the meadows,
My child-love and I.
Chasing summer gleams and shadows,
My child-love and I.
Wandering in the bowery lanes,
Making rose-tipped daisy-chains.
Storing fairy treasure trove,
Tender chestnuts from the grove,
Juicy berries, sweet and red,
Violets in their leafy bed,
Peeping 'neath the old oak tree,
All for my child-love and me.

How we sped the hours together.
 My child-love and I,
 In the blue unclouded weather,
 My child-love and I.
 Two gold heads—ah, one is grey,
 One is pillowed cold in clay;
 Two bright faces—one is grave,
 One hid where pale the willows wade.
 Two laughs—I wot my smiles are few,
 Do angels sport as mortals do,
 Or as we did in days gone by,
 We, my sweet child-love and I?
 What infant mysteries we had,
 My child-love and I.
 What little things could make us glad,
 My child-love and I.
 What fair castles did we build,
 Every room so gaily filled;
 With sun and flowers ever new.
 I so brave, and she so true,
 Endless pleasures, boundless wealth,
 Ceaseless joy, and cloudless health,
 Nought should change, and nought could die,
 So ruled my child-love and I.
 We were parted in our youth,
 My child-love and I.
 In our fearless baby truth,
 My child-love and I.
 She in virgin freshness died,
 I stood weeping at her side,
 Turning to the world again,
 Gathering many a deepening stain.
 Other loves their empire held,
 Fewer dreams such empire quelled,
 Till far as trackless sea from sea,
 Seemed my fair child-love from me.
 Yet 'twas an idyl that we had,
 My child-love and I.
 Ere death dimmed all its glory glad,
 My child-love and I.
 Though deeper sorrows deeper pleasures,
 Fill for me life's foaming measures,
 Yet, fairest mid my hopes and schemes,
 Purest of my wandering dreams
 Is, now when all is past and done,
 Forfeit paid and pardon won,
 In some calm sphere there yet may be
 A home for my child-love and me!

STROLLING PLAYERS.

It is rather the public than the player that strolls now-a-days. The theatre is stationary—the audience peripatetic. The wheels have been taken off the cart of Thespis: Hamlet's line, "then came each actor on his ass," or the stage direction in the old *Taming of the Shrew* (1594)—"Enter two players with packs on their backs," no longer describes accurately the travelling habits of the histrionic profession. But of old the country folk had the drama brought as it were to their doors, and just as they purchased their lawn and cambric, ribbons and gloves, and other raiment and bravery of the wandering pedlar—the Autolycus of the period—so all their play-house learning and experience they acquired from the itinerant actors. These were rarely the leading performers of the established London companies, however, un-

less it so happened that the capital was suffering from a visitation of the plague. "Starring in the provinces" was not an early occupation of the players of good repute. As a rule it was only the inferior actors who quitted town, and, as Dekker contemptuously says, "travelled upon the hard hoof from village to village for cheese and buttermilk." "How chances it they travel?" inquires Hamlet concerning "the tragedians of the city"—"their residence both in reputation and profit were better both ways." John Stephens, writing in 1615, and describing "a common player," observes, "I prefix the epithet common to distinguish the base and artless appendants of our city companies, which oftentimes start away into rustical wanderings, and then, like Proteus, start back again into the city number." The strollers were of two classes, however. First the theatrical companies protected by some great personage, wearing his badge or crest, and styling themselves his "servants"—just as to this day the Drury Lane troop, under warrant of Davenant's patent, still boast the title of "Her Majesty's Servants"—who attended at country seats, and gave representations at the request, or by the permission of the great people of the neighbourhood; and secondly, the mere unauthorised itinerants, with no claim to distinction beyond such as their own merits accorded to them, who played in barns, or in large inn-yards and rooms, and against whom was especially levelled the Act of Elizabeth declaring that all players, &c., "not licensed by any baron or person of high rank, or by two justices of the peace, should be deemed and treated as rogues and vagabonds."

The suppression of the theatres by the Puritans reduced all the players to the condition of strollers of the lowest class. Legally their occupation was gone altogether. Stringent measures were taken to abolish stage-plays and interludes, and by an Act passed in 1647, all actors of plays for the time to come were declared rogues within the meaning of the Act of Elizabeth, and upon conviction were to be publicly whipped for the first offence, and for the second to be deemed incorrigible rogues, and dealt with accordingly; all stage galleries, seats, and boxes were to be pulled down by warrant of two justices of the peace; all money collected from the spectators was to be appropriated to the poor of the parish; and all spectators of plays, for every offence, fined five shillings. Assuredly these were very hard times for

players, playhouses, and playgoers. Still the theatre was hard to kill. In 1648, a provost-marshal was nominated to stimulate the vigilance and activity of the lord mayor, justices, and sheriffs, and, among other duties, "to seize all ballad-singers and sellers of malignant pamphlets and to send them to the several militias, and to suppress stage-plays." Yet, all this notwithstanding, some little show of life stirred now and then in the seeming corpse of the drama. A few players met furtively, assembled a select audience, and gave a clandestine performance, more or less complete, in some obscure quarter. Play-acting was then, indeed, very much what prize-fighting has been in later times. The "office" was whispered, and the "events" came off, somehow, somewhere, despite the constables. Secret Royalists, and but half-hearted Puritans abounded, and these did not scruple to abet a breach of the law, and to be entertained now and then in the old time-honoured way. The players who had survived the war—naturally the majority of them had taken arms in the king's service, for his foes were theirs also—gathered together during the Commonwealth, and made up a weak troop out of the wreck of several companies. They even ventured upon representations at the Cockpit, in Drury-lane, with much caution and privacy. They remained undiscovered and undisturbed for some three or four days, when the Roundhead troopers beset the house, broke in about the middle of the performance of Fletcher's tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and carried away the players in their stage dresses to prison. A little later, private performances were given in noblemen's houses, some few miles from town—notably at Holland House, Kensington—when the select and limited audience made a collection for the benefit of the actors. At Christmas and Bartholomew Fair time there was often bribing of the officer in command at Whitehall, and a few representations took place at the Red Bull, in St. John's-street, with the chance always of the armed intervention of the soldiery, and the condign punishment of both players and spectators.

With the Restoration, however, Thespis enjoyed his own again, and sock and buskin became once more lawful articles of apparel. Charles the Second mounted the throne arm-in-arm, as it were, with a player-king and queen. The London theatres reopened under royal patronage, and in the

provinces the stroller was abroad. He had his enemies, no doubt. Prejudice is long-lived, of robust constitution. Puritanism had struck deep root in the land, and though the triumphant Cavaliers might hew its branches, strip off its foliage and hack at its trunk, they could by no means extirpate it altogether. Religious zealotry, strenuous and stubborn, however narrow, had fostered, and parliamentary enactments had warranted hostility of the most uncompromising kind to the player and his profession. To many he was still, his new liberty and privileges notwithstanding, but "a son of Belial"—ever of near kin to the rogue and the vagabond, with the stocks and the whipping-post still in his near neighbourhood, let him turn which way he would. And then, certainly, his occupation had its seamy side. With this the satirists, who loved censure rather for its wounding than its healing powers, made great play. They were never tired of pointing out and ridiculing the rents in the stroller's coat; his shifts, trials, misfortunes, follies, were subjects for ceaseless merriment. What Grub-street and "penny-a-lining" have been to the vocation of letters, strolling and "barn-strutting" became to the histrionic profession—an excuse for scorn, under-rating, and mirth, more or less bitter.

Still strolling had its charms. To the beginner it afforded a kind of informal apprenticeship, with the advantage that while a learner of its mysteries, he could yet style himself a full member of the profession of the stage, and share in its profits. He was at once bud and flower. What though the floor of a ruined barn saw his first crude efforts, might not the walls of a patent theatre resound by-and-by with delighted applause, tribute to his genius? It was a free, frank, open vocation he had adopted; it was unprotected and unrestricted by legislative provisions in the way of certificates, passes, examinations, and diplomas. There was no need of ticket, or voucher, or preparation of any kind to obtain admission to the ranks of the players. "Can you shout?" a manager once inquired of a novice. "Then only shout in the right places, and you'll do." No doubt this implied that even in the matter of shouting some science is involved. And there may be men who cannot shout at all, let the places be right or wrong. Still the stage can find room and subsistence of a sort for all, even for mutes. But carry a banner, walk in a procession, or form one

of a crowd, and you may still call yourself actor, though not an actor of a high class, certainly. The histrionic calling is a ladder of many rungs. Remain on the lowest or mount to the highest—it is only a question of degree—you are a player all the same.

The Thespian army had no need of a recruiting sergeant or a press-gang to reinforce its ranks. There have always been amateurs lured by the mere spectacle of the foot-lights, as moths by a candle. Crabbe's description of the strollers in his Borough was a favourite passage with Sir Walter Scott, and was often read to him in his last fatal illness:

Of various men these marching troops are made,
Pen-spurning clerks and lads contemning trade;
Waiters and servants by confinement teased,
And youths of wealth by dissipation eased;
With feeling nymphs who, such resource at hand,
Scorn to obey the rigour of command, &c. &c.

And even to the skilled and experienced actors a wandering life offered potent attractions. Apart from its liberty and adventure, its defiance of social convention and restraint, ambition had space to stir, and vanity could be abundantly indulged in the itinerant theatre. Dekker speaks of the bad presumptuous players, who out of a desire to "wear the best jerkin," and to "act great parts, forsake the stately and more than Roman city stages," and join a strolling company. By many it was held better to reign in a vagrant than to serve in an established troop—preferable to play Hamlet in the provinces than Horatio or Guildenstern in town. And then, in the summer months, when the larger London houses were closed, strolling became a matter of necessity with a large number of actors; they could gain a subsistence in no other way. "The little theatre in the Haymarket," as it was wont to be called, which opened its doors in summer, when its more important neighbours had concluded their operations, could only offer engagements to a select few of their companies. The rest must needs wander. Whatever their predilections they were strollers upon compulsion.

Indeed, strolling was only feasible during summer weather. Audiences could hardly be moved from their firesides in winter, barns were too full of grain to be available for theatrical purposes, and the players were then glad to secure such regular employment as they could, however slender might be the scale of their remuneration. There is a story told of a veteran and a tyro actor walking in the fields early in the year, when, suddenly,

the elder ran from the path, stopped abruptly and planting his foot firmly upon the green-sward, exclaimed with ecstasy: "Three, by heaven! that for managers!" and snapped his fingers. His companion asked an explanation of this strange conduct. "You'll know before you have strutted in three more barns," said the "old hand." "In winter, managers are the most impudent fellows living, because they know we don't like to travel, don't like to leave our nests, fear the cold, and all that. But when I can put my foot upon three daisies—summer's near, and managers may whistle for me!"

The life was not dignified, perhaps, but it had certain picturesque qualities. The stroller toiling on his own account, "padding the hoof," as he called journeying on foot—a small bundle under his arm, containing a few clothes and professional appliances, wandered from place to place, stopping now at a fair, now at a tavern, now at a country house to deliver recitations and speeches, and to gain such reward for his labours as he might. Generally he found it advisable, however, to join a company of his brethren and share profits with them, parting from them again upon a difference of opinion or upon the receipts diminishing too seriously, when he would again rely upon his independent exertions. Sometimes the actor was able to hire or purchase scenes and dresses, the latter being procured generally from certain shops in Monmouth-street dealing in cast clothes and tarnished frippery that did well enough for histrionic purposes; then, engaging a company, he would start from London as a manager to visit certain districts where it was thought that a harvest might be reaped. The receipts were divided among the troop upon a pre-arranged method. The impresario took shares in his different characters of manager, proprietor, and actor. Even the fragments of the candles that had lighted the representations were divided amongst the company. The inferior actors had the task allotted them of snuffing the candles in the course of the performance; a service of danger sometimes, for rude audiences were apt to amuse themselves by pelting the candle-snuffers. As Shift observes in Foote's farce: "He that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, may bid defiance to the pillory with all its customary compliments." Permission had always to be sought of the local magnates before a performance could be given; and the best dressed and most

cleanly-looking actor was deputed to make this application, as well as to conciliate the farmer or innkeeper, whose barn, stable, or great room was to be hired for the occasion. Churchill writes:

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid;
And fawning, cringe for wretched means of life
To Madame Mayoress or his worship's wife.

"I'm a justice of the peace and know how to deal with strollers," says Sir Tunbelly, with an air of menace, in *The Relapse*. The magistrates, indeed, were much inclined to deal severely with the wandering actor, eyeing his calling with suspicion, and prompt to enforce the laws against him. Thus we find in Humphrey Clinker, the mayor of Gloucester, eager to condemn as a vagrant, and to commit to prison with hard labour, young Mr. George Dennison, who, in the guise of Wilson, a stroller player, has presumed to make love to Miss Lydia Melford, the heroine of the story.

In truth, the stroller's life, with all its seeming license and independence, must always have been attended with hardship and privation. If the player had ever deemed his art the "idle calling" many declared it to be, he was soon undeceived on that head. There was but a thin partition between him and absolute want; meanwhile his labour was incessant. The stage is a conservative institution, adhering closely to old customs, manners, and traditions, and what strolling had once been it continued to be almost for centuries. "A company of strolling comedians," writes the author of *The Road to Ruin*, who had himself strolled in early life, "is a small kingdom, of which the manager is the monarch. Their code of laws seems to have existed, with little variation, since the days of Shakespeare." Who can doubt that Hogarth's famous picture told the truth, not only of the painter's own time, but of the past and of the future? The poor player followed a sordid and wearisome routine. He was constrained to devote long hours to rehearsal and to the study of various parts, provided always he could obtain a sight of the book of the play, for the itinerant theatre afforded no copyist then to write neatly out each actor's share in the dialogues and speeches. Night brought the performance, and, for the player engaged as "utility," infinite change of dress and "making-up" of his face to personate a variety of characters.

The company would, probably, be outnumbered by the *dramatis personæ*, in which case it would devolve upon the actor to assume many parts in one play. Thus, supposing Hamlet to be announced for representation, the stroller of inferior degree might be called upon to appear as Francisco, afterwards as a lord-in-waiting in the court scenes, then as Lucianus, "nephew to the king," then as one of the grave-diggers, then as a lord again, or, it might be, Osric, the fop, in the last act. Other duties, hardly less arduous, would fall to him in the after-pieces. "I remember," said King, the actor famous as being the original Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby, "that when I had been but a short time on the stage I performed one night King Richard, sang two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke a prologue, and was afterwards harlequin, in a sharing company, and after all this fatigue my share came to three pence and three pieces of candle!" A strolling manager of a later period was wont to boast that he had performed the complete melodrama of Rob Roy with a limited company of five men and three women. Hard-worked, ill-paid, and, consequently, ill-fed, the stroller must have often led a dreary and miserable life enough. The late Mr. Drinkwater Meadows used to tell of his experiences with a company that travelled through Warwickshire, and their treasury being empty, depended for their subsistence upon their piscatorial skill. They lived for some time, indeed, upon the trout streams of the county. They plied rod and line and learned their parts at the same time. "We could fish and study, study and fish," said the actor. "I made myself perfect in Bob Acres while fishing in the Avon, and committed the words to my memory quite as fast as I committed the fish to my basket."

The straits and necessities of the strollers have long been a source of entertainment to the public. In an early number of the *Spectator*, Steele describes a company of poor players then performing at Epping. "They are far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the Earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord Foppington wanted any better means to show himself a fop than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are so wretchedly poor that the

heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies." It is added that the stage of these performers "is here in its original situation of a cart." In the *Memoirs of Munden* a still stranger stage is mentioned. A strolling company performing in Wales had for theatre a bedroom, and for stage a large four-post bed! The spaces on either side were concealed from the audience by curtains, and formed the tiring rooms of the ladies and gentlemen of the troop. On this very curious stage the comedian, afterwards famous as *Little Knight*, but then new to his profession, appeared as *Acres*, in the *Rivals*, and won great applause. Goldsmith's *Strolling Player* is made to reveal many of the smaller needs and shifts of his calling, especially in the matter of costume. "We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served *Romeo*, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend *Mercutio*; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for *Juliet's* petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself." Of his own share in the representation the stroller speaks candidly enough: "I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you that without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments." But of stories of this kind, not always to be understood literally, however, concerning the drama under difficulties, and the comical side of the player's indigence and quaint artifices, there has always been forthcoming a very abundant supply.

A word should be said as to the courage and enterprise of our early strollers. Travelling is now-a-days so easy a matter that we are apt to forget how solemnly it was viewed by our ancestors. In the last century a man thought about making his will as a becoming preliminary to his journeying merely from London to Edinburgh. But the strollers were true to themselves and their calling, though sometimes the results of their adventures were luckless enough. "Our plantations in America have been voluntarily visited by some itinerants, Jamaica in particular," writes Chetwood, in his *History of the Stage* (1749). "I had an account from a

gentleman who was possessed of a large estate in the island that a company in the year 1733 came there and cleared a large sum of money, where they might have made moderate fortunes if they had not been too busy with the growth of the country. They received three hundred and seventy pistoles the first night of the *Beggar's Opera*, but within the space of two months they buried their third *Polly* and two of their men. The gentlemen of the island for some time took their turns upon the stage to keep up the diversion; but this did not hold long; for in two months more there were but one old man, a boy, and a woman of the company left. The rest died either with the country distemper or the common beverage of the place, the noble spirit of rum-punch, which is generally fatal to new comers. The shattered remains, with upwards of two thousand pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina to join another company at Charlestown, but were cast away in the voyage. Had the company been more blessed with the virtue of sobriety, &c., they might perhaps have lived to carry home the liberality of those generous islanders."

It is to be observed that the strolling profession had its divisions and grades. The "boothers," as they are termed, have to be viewed as almost a distinct class. These carry their theatre, a booth, about with them, and only pretend to furnish very abridged presentments of the drama. With them *Richard the Third*, for instance, is but an entertainment of some twenty minutes' duration. They are only anxious to give as many performances as possible before fresh assemblies of spectators in as short a time as may be. "Boothers" have been known to give even six distinct exhibitions on Saturday nights. And they certainly resort to undignified expedients to lure their audiences. They parade in their theatrical attire, dance quadrilles and hornpipes, fight with broadswords, and make speeches on the external platform of their booth. *Histrionic art* is seen to little advantage under these conditions, although it should be said that many notable players have commenced the study of their profession among the "boothers." The travelling circus is again a distinct institution, its tumblers and riders only in a very distant and illegitimate way connected with even the humblest branches of the great Thespian family.

But strolling, in its old sense, is fast

expiring. Barns have ceased to be temples of the drama. The railways carry the public to the established theatres; London stars and companies travelling in first-class carriages, with their secretary and manager, visit in turn the provincial towns, and attract all the playgoers of the neighbourhood. The country manager, retaining but a few "utility people," is well content to lend his stage to these dignified players, who stroll only nominally, without "padding the hoof," or the least chance of hardship or privation attending their rustical wanderings. Their travels are indeed more in the nature of royal progresses. Even for the "boothers" times have changed. Waste lands on which to "pitch" their playhouse are now hard to find. The "pleasure fairs" on which they greatly relied for profit, become more and more rare; indeed, there is a prevalent disposition now-a-days to abolish altogether those old-fashioned celebrations. And worse than all, perhaps, the audiences have become sophisticated and critical, and have not so much simple faith and hearty goodwill to place at the disposal of the itinerants. Centralisation has now affected the stage. The country is no longer the nursery and training school of the player. He commences his career in London, and then regales the provinces with an exhibition of his proficiency. The strollers are now merged in the "stars." The apprentice is now the master, which may possibly account for the fact, that the work accomplished is not invariably of first-rate quality.

FURNITURE—BAD AND GOOD.

ONE of the happiest results of Mr. Ruskin's teachings has been his indirect influence on the fashion of household furniture. Few persons who find themselves in the warehouses of some great furnishing establishment, surrounded by chairs, tables, sofas and beds of the most varied and sumptuous character, reflect on the conventional, and, sometimes, monstrous shapes and patterns of these articles. They are dazzled by the gilding and varnish, and carvings and stuffs, while the showman descants on the elegance and splendour of his "shaped" articles. To an artistic mind such a show-room is a chamber of horrors, with its grotesque and hideous patterns, and its no less ridiculous titles of "what-nots," "loungees," "Nelson sofas," and the rest. Everything seems made on the worst principles of beauty or use, and, after an un-

meaning fashion, whose sole object seems to be to increase the expense.

Let us take such simple objects as a chair and a table. A round table on a centre leg is a really ugly object, suggesting insecurity from its indifferent balance; sometimes, indeed, liable to be overturned when covered with heavy objects. To guard against such an accident, a heavy circular mass of wood is placed under the leg, which, in its turn, rests on three little feet, whose castors, owing to the weight, are often forced into the carpet. Thus a large round table becomes an awkward, sprawling, monstrous, top-heavy article, often warped out of shape. This is, certainly, making complicated what nature intended to be simple. Now, in furniture, as in everything else, the principle of simplicity and direct practical purpose insures beauty. Four legs, sloped outwards near the ground, and joined together near the floor with bars, produces a pretty and secure effect. There is no more material used than is necessary; the article is light, and there is no need for that hauling and dragging required to move a massive round table. Some furnishing houses have applied the simple principles thus explained, and, obtaining designs from good artists, have revolutionised furniture patterns. Their philosophy is no other than what may be styled that of the "three-legged stool" developed, from which simplicity an elaborate civilisation has led us astray.

A "city madam" furnishing her splendid mansion, selects, of course, some of those vast mirrors whose frames are overlaid with scrolls and twisted horns, an extraordinary mélange of crooks and curves, which has been the traditional way of making such a mirror look magnificent. What these things represent no one can tell. A general idea is that the frame of the glass is enriched and carved. Yet it is a fact that these things are cut out separately and fixed on with needles and nails. No carving could produce such a result; therefore there is a deception to begin with, also an insecurity, as they loosen with time and drop off. What should be the true principle? A great sheet of looking-glass is in itself a handsome object; and the meaning of a "frame" is to preserve the edges; it is, therefore, subsidiary—it should be broad and handsome, and be strong enough to answer its purpose. That sinuous shape at top, into which mirrors are sometimes cut, is unmeaning, and diminishes the idea of size. A simple following the

shape of the glass, with carving on the surface, will have a richness and massiveness of effect that will eclipse innumerable square feet of twists and curves.

Again, a chair is rarely properly made. The shapes we see in drawing-rooms, with carved scroll backs framing a bulging oval of stuffing, are all false taste and uncomfortable. The sitter, leaning back, finds a hard mass pushing into the centre of his spine; if his head drops back his neck comes on the sharp and pointed carving. The legs, too, are bent into graceful curves, with a sensible loss of strength, which has to be supplied by unnecessary thickness. The seat is always too shallow. There are drawing-room chairs called spider-chairs, or some such name, but considered extremely light and elegant—a frail framework, which, under a heavy man, or a sudden effort, would collapse into a bundle of sticks. The purport of a chair is not ornament; therefore, chairs with gilt lattice-work, which, if comfortably sat in, would be rubbed and frayed by the human back, are unsuited. So, too, are the chairs in French palaces, with Gobelin pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses woven on them, which have an odd air when a large man sits down or rises. An artistic chair should be curved or hollowed in the back, with a long seat, strong and nearly straight legs. So with a sofa, the back of which is so often seen to terminate in a favourite shape, like the crook of a stick, for no conceivable object. An average trade sofa, with its covered spring seat high in the centre, so that the occupant finds himself slipping off, and whose feet seem liable to slip off at either side, its miserable sofa-cushion and its scrolled head, is the most straitened, uncomfortable place of repose in the world. A proper sofa should have a level flat seat, contrived in a sort of gentle scoop to the shoulder, so that every part of the figure is supported. Then there are those handsome sitting-sofas, seen in great mansions, which are like a vast arm-chair, made to hold half a dozen. But of all the monstrous objects commend us to the trade mahogany sideboard—the vast hulking mass, with the locker at each side, the clumsy drawers, and the ugly back. For so huge a mass there is very little utility. Now, by simply asking ourselves the purport of a sideboard, we arrive at something more artistic. It is, first of all, a table, and should be made something after the pattern of a table; hence, there should be short feet under it. It is meant to be a sort of convenient store

for holding the necessities, so that a person coming in to eat would find there all the necessary implements. The useless back, therefore, should be restored to its original purpose, and have light shelves or brackets on which to place the jugs and goblets, or the stray salver, the cruet, &c. The two lockers should be brought together as one in the centre, thus getting rid of those unmeaning and monstrous cupboards, to extract anything from whose recesses the servant must go on his knees. With drawers above and drawers below, the whole affords double the accommodation, and has the air of a handsome cabinet. The space between the two objectionable lockers, when covered with a rich bit of tapestry curtain, has a good effect. So with bedroom furniture. An ordinary cheap washstand, with the hole for a basin, its meagre legs, and skimpy edging of wood running round, is a degrading object. What is wanted is a long, firmly-built table, high, broad, on which a big basin may stand; the top all round should be fenced by a screen, a couple of feet in height, to keep the water from splashing the wall, with no hole for the basin, which is thus raised. Such an article, made with tolerable taste and on principles of common sense, would command respect, instead of contempt, and would be an ornament. In bedsteads there is a vast improvement; and those of brass and iron, now in favour, are handsome enough, though the ornamental work is often very unmeaning. The old wooden bedstead, on four legs, with its rickety framework for supporting white dimity curtains, is only seen in farces, where they are seen to rock unsteadily, as the funny man tumbles in. Every one will recall the footboard, with its corners like rams' horns. Now, a simple brass nail performs this duty picturesquely, and the unpleasant thoughts associated with the inner joinings of the old wooden four-poster, are impossible. If a wooden bedstead is in favour, the solid and handsome French bedstead is a good pattern. The ordinary bracket, hung sometimes by a string from a nail, is a poor object enough, suggesting meanness, poverty, and shifts in the owner. The new school of furniture offers endless shapes; one, that of a little broad gallery with a rail round it, under which are a couple of shelves, the lowest the narrowest. A bedroom cabinet, too, should not be the shallow, skimpy thing we see, but should be broad, with a drawer at top and two doors; a bracket for books should always have a back.

Even such a thing as the toilet-glass, swinging on its two slender supports, is meagre-looking; with its supports made in pyramid shape, growing broad as they get near the table, and dispensing with the heavy lump of wood, which is to keep it balanced, the effect would be improved. Curtains, too, are all astray, running with wooden rings on wooden poles, with a grotesque clatter. Sometimes in drawing-rooms we see sham rings fixed to the gilt poles, while the curtains are moved underneath by a complicated system of cords. Experience and sense suggest the true principle. You wish to draw your curtain back or forward in a complete way, with, perhaps, a single sweep of the hand. The pole should be thin and of metal, and the rings large and not thick; then they will fly. Carpets should be laid so as not to cover all the room, and should have a border. There are a hundred points of this kind, which a little reflection will discover; and it is surprising, when the mind has got into this habit of inquiry, what pleasure it will receive from so simple a thing as a well-made piece of furniture. Mr. Eastlake led the way in this practical reform by his book on Household Taste; and it is gratifying to find that some of our upholstering firms have followed his advice.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE FOOL'S DERELICTION.

THE Kearneys retired to their cave, and Con stayed with them. He made himself a bed of heather and ferns, on which he slept every night, lying across the mouth of the rude dwelling like a mastiff at his master's gate. The cave was as good to him as the cabin had been, and so long as he could carry turf and water for Nan, and get his food from her hand, he cared very little for what was happening in the world. The midsummer days were long and fine, and the nights short and starry, and the mountain just the same mountain as before. Yet Con was seen to look sad when he passed the empty houses of the people who had gone away; would sometimes stop and scowl, and mutter to himself about Simon; and had once been caught flinging stones down the cliff in the direction of the chimneys of Tobereevil. But his queer fits of passion soon spent themselves on the air. The Kearneys were beside him, and he was content; little knowing of the plot which

was being hatched for the destruction of his peace of mind.

The Kearneys, nine in family, were now ready to take the road out into the world; having sold their pigs and furniture, and finding themselves with no longer a pretence for lingering among their mountains. In Galway they had a well-to-do friend, from whom they hoped to borrow money enough, with what they had got, to bring them across the Atlantic. Once in a new country, when their hearts had bled away the sorest throes of grief, they hoped to earn a living, and to build up a new home with the toil of their many hands. Save for the anguish of memory, they would no doubt do very well.

But now a difficulty arose. What were they to do with the loving fool? They could not take him to America; there was no question about that; and to leave him alone in some city to which he might follow them, would be a cruelty of which they could not even think. Hardship and starvation must be his portion in a town, while at home in his familiar mountains he would always have friends enough. So Con must be left behind; but how were they going to escape from him?

He followed Nan everywhere, keeping his eyes on her, as if he feared she would vanish if he closed them. He did not sleep soundly as he had used to do, but lay all night awake and watchful, ready to spring up if any sound alarmed his ear; or when he did fall asleep the slumber was so light that it was broken by the whimper of a plover. His friends knew well that did they try to set out without him he would follow, while he had strength to crawl, were it through flood or fire; and that no man might seek to hold him back. Yet the Kearneys must surely go, and Con be left behind.

At last a plan was hit upon to cheat him. Some lads who lived at a distance came and coaxed him to go with them for a day's climbing in search of an eagle's nest, and Con the fool forgot his vigilance, and fell easily into the snare. After a long and exciting day, scaling high rocks and racing along upper ridges of the mountains, he returned to the cave where he expected to find his friends. He was weary, and his steps lagged as he came along in the ruddy heat, and his fool's heart leaped as he caught sight of the dear hole which was the door of his home. He looked for the gossoons coming to meet him, for if Con did not reason, he knew the habits of every

living thing around him. This evening there were no gossoons about the hills, and Con was disappointed and quickened his lagging steps. He went into the cave, but the place was empty. Neither the Kearneys nor their bundles were to be seen. Con was surprised, and his heart sank, just as a wise man's will sink under the chill of disappointment. He consoled himself in the best way he could by drawing together the embers of the fire, near which had been left for him a heap of turf and a pile of potatoes. He need not be cold or hungry for this night at least, even though his friends who had cherished him were gone away. To-morrow, indeed, he must look for another home; but of this Con knew nothing, while he set to work upon the fire, kindling it up deftly as he well knew how to do. Nan would be coming in to make the supper by-and-bye, and Con laughed in his crowing way to think how glad she would be to see the blaze. She would laugh along with him and pat him on the head. The fool was used to such treatment, and knew what he had to expect.

The fire burned up and down again, and would have burned out too, if Con had let it; and still no steps and no voices came near the cave.

The red hue had fled away from the heath, and the stars had come to light. The mountain was deserted indeed. Con sat, the only human being among the empty cabins, feeling his own loneliness, which horrified him; growing afraid to look out any more through the opening of the cave, and crouching close to the fire, as the only thing that could comfort and protect him. He fed it continually, and trembled when it got low; did not eat nor sleep, but sat clasping his knees, and listening with the vigilance of a hare. But nothing came near him, nothing moved save the ashes that kept crumbling at his feet. The breeze moaned and sobbed through the chinks in the cave, and Con lamented and wept. The tears of his desolation wet his hands and his naked feet.

As soon as the oppressive darkness withdrew from the realm where Con reigned alone, the poor fellow started from his watchfire, and set off in quest of his friends, wandering up-hill and down-hill; calling, whooping, whistling. The sun rose and gave him courage, and he went on confidently, hoping to meet the little crowd of the Kearneys lurking, for mere mischief, behind a heathery knoll, or racing up to

meet him from below ridges of waving broom. He mistook a slender bush for Nan, as it curtsied and becked to him in the morning breeze, and shot forward as if on wings, thinking he saw a group of little black heads nodding, which must surely be the children at their play, but proved to be clumps of loose broom blackened by the fires already kindled in preparation for the shepherds. After each one of these failures, Con lifted up his voice and wept aloud. He met no one all day, so deserted was the mountain. He got up to the highest peaks, higher than he had been the day before when tracking the eagle. Foxes fled, and wild birds cried at his approach; but nothing human did he meet. "Nan! Nan!" he shrieked, and the echoes enraged him, mocking back again with "Nan! Nan!"

Towards evening he came down from the clouds, and made his way back to the cave. The place was as solitary as when he left it, and the fire was dead besides. He took flints from his pocket and struck sparks and made a fire, but silence and desolation still reigned round him as before. He walked round all the cabins, rattled at the locks, and peeped in at the windows, but not so much as a mouse did he find to make response. He returned then to the cave with the sickness of hunger upon him; ate some potatoes, and started again on his quest.

This time he descended to the lowlands, and after sunset was coming along a moor, beyond which lay some green fields, when he met a little girl carrying a milk-pail. She was a lowland lassie, but every one knew Con, and she was touched by the sight of his tear-bedabbled face. She offered him a drink of milk out of a tin which hung to her pail, and Con drank greedily, and then looked eagerly in her face.

"Nan," he cried, "Nan."

"Och, thin, poor boy," said the pitiful little maid, "is that the ways it is wid you? Ye'll be lookin' long for Nan afore ye set eyes on her. Sure Simon has settled wid them all, the creatures. Simon has sint them away."

Con stared at the girl with open mouth and eyes, till the vacant look dropped away from him like a mask, and his face became dark and convulsed with wrath. He uttered a long savage shriek which startled the herds at their evening meal and made the goats look down inquisitively from the cliffs at a little distance. "Simon!" he

screamed, with murder in his voice, and flung himself on the earth, and tore the sod with his hands. The little girl was terrified, and ran away and left him.

All the agony of his desolation fell now on the fool's heart; for the word "Simon" had been enough to suggest to him that Nan had disappeared for evermore. He raged and wept; tore his clothes and his shaggy hair; but by-and-bye got to his feet again and began running towards the woods. Very glorious they looked, decked out in all the hues of the evening sun. Many a summer evening had Con disported himself in their shelter, swinging from bough to bough, laughing and crowing in delicious happiness. Now they flamed with rage at him as his eyes flamed at them.

There lay about two miles of trees between Con and the mansion of Tobereevil; and twilight had begun to fall when he plunged into the thickets, pushing right and left, crashing through the underwood, his pale face livid, and a lurid gleam of purpose burning for once in his vacant eyes. He knew his way well through the darkest labyrinths of the woods, and he went straight to the destination towards which he had set his face. It was wonderful that he did not dash himself against trees, trip over the brushwood, tear his feet with thorns, or cut his hands with piercing brambles as he swept them out of his path, yet no such ill befel him. He passed easily and without scath through savage places from which another would have come forth bruised and bleeding: shot like lightning across the dark spots which Tibbie knew so well, and trod out the baleful life-juice of wicked herbs beneath his feet. The trees groaned and rocked as if they knew that there was a vengeful spirit among them, who, unconscious as he was of the evilness of the evil, was yet possessed of all its power, which he would use for their destruction. Deeper and deeper plunged Con into the woods, and the perpetual roar of the trees arose to a tumult, with a shriek in the voice of many, a frantic wrath in the movement of the swaying multitude, as if the woods, knowing their doom, as also the spirits of wickedness that lurked in them, had found themselves at last and irretrievably undone. Or was it that the breeze was a little livelier than is usual on summer nights? At last a tree stooped down in fury, caught Con by the hair and smote him on the face, breaking some of his teeth and

making the blood start out of his flesh. His heart was full of murder, and he turned to wreak his vengeance on the tree; beat it, smashed the lower branches with his feet and hands; while the foe stood as straight as ever, roaring in malicious triumph over his head. Other trees joined in chorus with it, and they scoffed at him where he stood quivering like a pigmy among giants. But his cunning served him now that he might wreak vengeance on his enemies.

He took flints out of his pockets, and struck sparks, with which he tried to burn the skin and fingers, that is, the bark and little twigs of his stalwart foe. This would not take effect, and then he tried another plan; groping among the feet of the trees till he had swept up in a pile dead leaves, rotten sticks, withered herbs, and bits of bark, all so dry and tindery with the hot breath of the summer that it needed but a spark to kindle them into a blaze. The spark was flung amongst them, spark after spark as Con wrought to make a fire out of them, and triumphed. The fire hissed at his knees, and the rocking of the trees fanned it into intensity, and all the underwood around him became wrapped in flame. Fire was a thing that Con had always loved, and now he laughed as he beheld it do his bidding. He gathered up burning sheaves and flung them into the trees, tied stones among wicked sticks and crackling leaves, and impelled them wrapped in flame into the upper branches. The trees roared and groaned again as the fire went into their hearts, and flung themselves upon each other to try and extinguish it; but the flames ate into the wood, and the scorching breath of the one sent destruction into the bosom of another. When Con saw that his work had taken effect, he dashed from the spot and fled forward as before, with his face towards the mansion of Tobereevil.

The miser was very restless at this time. Even since he had taken things in his own hands, and found that he could do his own work so well, he had grown more impatient of the little progress he made in money-getting, and more feverishly ambitious of doing better in this respect; the event of the shepherds seeking his mountain gave him new and broad ideas as to the amount of capital which might yet be wrought out of the stones and heather. One day people might come asking to make a quarry among his idle rocks, and in anticipation of this moment he marked off many new names

whose owners must be taxed severely in preparation for their departure when the quarry-seekers should arrive. The workers of the quarry would want dwellings for their families, and should pay him a good rent out of their wages. The manager of the works would need a comfortable residence, and the best farm on the estate must be at his disposal. He would doubtless be very rich, and inclined to pay nobly for the accommodation so needful to him. Simon reviewed in his mind the many farms which belonged to him, and decided that the manager of the quarry would prefer to have Monasterlea; it being rich and fertile land which had been cultivated for years, and the master naturally liking to be near to his works. So Miss Martha was written down as having to "flit" as soon as the quarry-seekers should have arrived.

All these plans made Simon very restless. He could not bear to wait while his dreams realised themselves slowly out of the future. He thought that events which were to come ought to come at once, and meantime while they delayed the suspense was a torture which wasted his life.

All that day, on which Con had searched for Nan, and fired the woods, Simon had wandered restlessly about his house; indoors and out of doors; unable to sit still for a moment to reckon his treasures in his memory, or to remember about where he had hidden his keys. He went out gleaming, this being harvest time for Simon, as well as for the farmers his tenants. He knew from day to day what fields were going to be reaped, and followed like a spectre in the trail of the reapers. Some of the richer or more generous would leave ears on the field purposely, so that the wretched old man might not be disappointed in his quest; but to-day he had to glean ground over which he had passed before, and there was little for him to get. Still, with great toil he succeeded in finding a few stray ears, besides sundry little wisps of straw; and had added to these treasures little scraps of rags and down, and some cold potatoes which had been forgotten in a field. With these he was coming home, but his limbs trembled so violently with that anxiety about the quarry-men, that he spilt the best of his spoils, and the breeze carried some of them away. Upon this he wailed and wept, so enfeebled was he by his cares, but was consoled by seeing a fine bird's-nest between two branches of a tree. He

poked it down with a stick, and found it lined with soft wool which had been plucked from the backs of sheep. "What wickedness and waste!" cried the miser as he ripped it up. "It is shocking to think of the robberies which these creatures commit on man!" He found eggs in the nest, however, so that his day did not go for nothing.

He was standing at the foot of the tree picking the nest to pieces, and carefully stuffing the wool into the pocket of his garment. His thin white hair fell on his shoulders, crowned by a hat so frail and discoloured, that it seemed to have been placed on his head more in mockery than for protection. His thin sharp face—long keen nose, greedy eyes, and twitching mouth—was bent over his task with all the avidity of an eagle that has found its prey. The worn and many-coloured garment clung round the skeleton limbs, and the sun laughed over its wretchedness, and pointed out its rents and patches. He was standing close by the cottage of a poor tenant whose field he had been gleaming, and as he tore the bird's-nest a boy sprang suddenly forward.

"Ah, sir! Don't tear the robin's nest, sir! Indeed it is the robin's; I saw her fly out this morning."

"Well, you young rascal. A useless, thieving bird!"

"Oh, sir; don't do that, sir! The robin that bloodied his breast, sir, when he was tryin' to pick the nails out o' the Saviour's feet!"

The child looked up as he spoke with a face full of earnestness and horror. It was as if he had been begging for the life of a little human playfellow. When he named the Saviour's name, Simon shrank back from him with a look of terror, throwing up his trembling arm with an impulse to screen his face from the child's gaze. He dropped the nest, and the boy picked it up and ran away; but Simon had the wool and the eggs safe in his wallet. Nevertheless it had not been a good day, and he was in a restless and hungry humour. For his dinner he bruised down the ears of wheat into a paste, boiled the bird's eggs, and warmed the cold potatoes; and these, with a draught of water, made a meal which was quite enough. There was a dead thrush in the larder, but that must do for to-morrow. "Now that I have some prospect of doing well at last," said Simon, thinking of the quarry, "I need not spoil everything by extravagance!"

It was quite evening, and he still walked about; strolled some way into the woods, rubbing his thin hands together, and pondering his new scheme. The glorious harvest sunset cast a halo around his wretchedness, and flung after him trails of solemn splendour as he glided into the thickets. He was thinking, as he went, that after all it might be better to have the useless woods cut down. True, there would at first be some expense; but what a heap of money all this timber must produce. These idle giants might gradually be changed into golden pieces; it was not the first time that Simon had thought of the plan, but it had seemed a part of the fate of the masters of Tobereevil to cling with great faithfulness to the trees of the Wicked Woods, and to resist every temptation to lay them low. There was something in the fact that everything which involved expense at the first starting was sure to be shunned; but Simon had gathered confidence from the success of his negotiations with the shepherds, and from the impending success of the quarry. He did really entertain the idea of cutting down the woods.

The air grew more glowing as the sun sank nearer to the hills, and the trees basked in the golden glare. Simon thought not of the beauty of the world, nor of the blessings that fall from heaven, as he tottered in and out of the thickets, planning their destruction. Now that he had made up his mind to the idea he became almost delirious with impatience to have the value of the woods poured in gold into his lap, and walked about feebly, guiding himself by the branches. Thus did Simon take his last walk in the woods of Tobereevil. He had resolved upon their ruin, but another had been before him.

He returned to the house, and again felt the impossibility of sitting down quietly to think of the riches which promised to flow in upon him, so wandered through his melancholy mansion, up the staircase, all aflame with the setting sun, past the black burning nymphs, past the mutilated Flora, with her gay and floating garments, and away through many solitary chambers. He was in a busy mood this evening, and he wanted to see if there was anything under his roof which he could turn to profit, anything which he had overlooked and allowed to go to waste with that carelessness and extravagance of which he had

never been able to cure himself. He looked angrily at the fragments of discoloured velvet which hung above some of the windows. Perhaps from these the birds—robbers who came through broken windows—picked some of the rags and wool with which they lined their nest. Rags were worth money, and these rags must be fetched down and sent to market. He gloated over the few pieces of worm-eaten furniture which remained in the stately rooms, and which he resolved should be sold at a high price to the quarry-master who was to live at Monasterlea. He went up to the lobby where the goblin presses stood, containing those precious heir-looms which the pedlar had forborne to buy, ascertained that the goods were safe, and foresaw that some other merchant would be found wise enough to purchase them. Coming down again through the house in the gathering of twilight, he bethought him suddenly of a third great plan for the increase of his store. He would take down the mouldering mansion of Tobereevil, every stone of it, and turn it also into gold. These quarrymen would need good dwellings, many more than were to be found upon his land; so he would sell them his bricks and beams, his door-frames, and window-frames, and fireplaces; and another heap of gold would be the result. This third vision was too much for him; his head began to reel with the splendour of the hopes which spread before him. By the time he made his way to the lower staircase all the heavenly fires were burnt out for that day, the nymphs released from torture, and sleeping tranquilly, with the stars shining in at them. When at last he sought his chair of rest in his own particular den, he was utterly exhausted with his hopes. He tottered to the stand on which his pistols always lay, examined, and found them loaded, and placed them on the table beside him before he would sit down. The window-shutters were open, that he might have the last lingering light to bear him company as he sat, for neither candles nor fire were to be thought of in such weather. Very soon he would bar the shutters, and go to bed. He sank back in the chair, and closed his eyes, opened them again, and started, with his gaze fixed on the window, seeing Con's white face glaring at him with a dreadful look of meaning through the pane.

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DR. DE JONGH'S (KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.) **LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL**

THE distinctive characteristics which have gained for DR. DE JONGH'S OIL so much celebrity, the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, and, notwithstanding the active and unscrupulous opposition of many interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage, may be thus concisely enumerated :—

- I.—Its genuineness, purity, and uniform strength are ascertained and guaranteed.
- II.—It contains all the active and essential principles that therapeutic experience has found to be the most effective in the operation of the remedy.
- III.—It is palatable, easily taken, and creates no nausea.
- IV.—It is borne with facility by the most delicate stomach, and improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.
- V.—Its medicinal properties and remedial action have been found to be immeasurably greater than those of any other kind of Cod Liver Oil.
- VI.—From the unequalled rapidity of its curative effects, it is infinitely more economical than any which is offered, even at the lowest price.

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

The extraordinary virtues of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL in Pulmonary Consumption may now be considered as fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to Phthisis but of arresting the development of tubercles ; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a complete cure. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady.

DR. NEDLEY, Physician to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, observes :—

"Of all the preparations of that valuable remedial agent, Cod Liver Oil, the most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach, is DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN OIL. I have habitually prescribed DR. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results, and I can confidently recommend it, as the most efficacious kind."

DR. WAUDBY, Physician to the Hereford Infirmary, remarks :—

"I can take DR. DE JONGH'S OIL without difficulty or dislike, and with as little inconvenience as water alone. Not only in my own case, but in many others I have seen, it has caused an improvement of chest symptoms, and an increase of weight, so soon and so lastingly, as to be quite remarkable. I believe DR. DE JONGH'S OIL to be the most valuable remedy we possess for chronic and constitutional disease."

ALLEN G. CHATTAWAY, Esq., Senior Surgeon, Leominster Union, writes :—

"Having for some years extensively used DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL, both in public and private practice, I have no hesitation in stating its effects are very far superior to those of any other Cod Liver Oil. Nearly four years since, two cases of confirmed Consumption were placed under my care. In both, the lungs were a mass of tubercular deposit, and every possible sound to be heard in Phthisis was present. The sole remedy employed was DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL ; and now the patients are strong and fat ; the diseased (abnormal) sounds nearly inaudible ; and in the one case (male), hunting, fishing, and shooting are freely indulged in, the patient expressing himself quite capable of undergoing as much fatigue as any of his fellow-sportsmen."

[For further select Medical Opinions, see other side.]

DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

IN cases of prostration and emaciation, where the vital forces are reduced, and where life appears to be even at its lowest ebb, the restorative powers of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL have been remarkably manifested both with Adults and Children. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, reanimated, and regulated; the muscular power and activity are sensibly and sometimes rapidly increased; and, when its use has been regularly continued, its peculiar tonic and nutritive properties have entirely restored health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

ROWLAND DALTON, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.S.A., District Medical Officer at Bury St. Edmund's, remarks:—

"In giving my opinion of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, I have no hesitation in saying that I have not the slightest confidence in any other kind. The effects of DR. DE JONGH'S OIL are sure and most remarkable, especially in that broken-down state of health and strength which usually precedes and favours tubercular deposit; and I never recommend any other sort. The Oil I have had from you was for my own use, and it has certainly been the only means of saving my life on two occasions; and even now, when I feel 'out of condition,' I take it, and like it, unmixed with anything, as being the most agreeable way. I could wish that DR. DE JONGH'S OIL would come into general use, and entirely supersede the Pale and other worthless preparations."

THOMAS HUNT, Esq., F.R.C.S., Medical Officer of Health to the populous district of Bloomsbury, in a communication to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, writes:—

"In badly-nourished infants, DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three tea-spoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children generally like the taste of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil, and when it is given them, often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

EXTRACTS FROM SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.,
Medical Officer to the Poor-Law Board of Great Britain.

"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr. DE JONGH."

Dr. LANKESTER, F.R.S.,
Coroner for Central Middlesex.

"I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under Dr. DE JONGH'S guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S.,
Author of the "Spas of Germany."

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Sir JOSEPH OLLIFFE, M.D.,

Physician to the British Embassy at Paris.

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and I have every reason to be satisfied with its beneficial and salutary effects."

Dr. LETHEBY,

Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.

"In all cases I have found Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleic compounds, and of iodine in a state of organic combination, are the most remarkable."

EDWIN CANTON, Esq., F.R.C.S.,

Surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital.

"I find Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil to be much more efficacious than other varieties of the same medicine which I have also employed with a view to test their relative superiority."

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

Physician to the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by Stomachs which reject the ordinary oils."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; sealed with a Capsule impressed with DR. DE JONGH'S Stamp, and labelled under the pink wrapper with his Stamp and Signature, and the Signature of his Sole Consignees,

WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE,

By all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.


SOLE CONSIGNEES,

ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Firmly resist attempts often made by unscrupulous dealers, to recommend, or substitute, with a view to an extra profit, other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as Dr. de Jongh's, or equally efficacious.

THE

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION



NO. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

LONDON, 18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION is the only Life Assurance Office which combines the advantages of

MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.

Instead of charging rates admittedly higher than are necessary, and afterwards returning the excess, or a portion of it, in the shape of periodical Bonuses, it gives from the first as large an Assurance as the Premiums will with perfect safety bear, and reserves the Whole Surplus for those Members who have lived long enough to secure the common Fund from loss on account of their individual Assurances.

The PREMIUMS usually charged for £1000 (with Profits) will here, at most ages, assure £1200 to £1250 from the first—being equivalent to an immediate "Bonus" of 20 to 25 per cent; while the effect of *reserving* the Surplus (instead of sharing it with all indiscriminately) has been, that Policies originally for £1000, which have shared at three Septennial Investigations, have already been increased to £1400, £1600, and even to £1800.

ITS TERMS are thus well calculated to meet the requirements of intending Assurers. They are specially adapted to the case of Provisions under Family Settlements, on marriage, or otherwise, where it is of importance to secure from the first, for the smallest present outlay, a competent provision, of definite amount, in the case of early death.

Tables of Premiums, and information as to distribution of Surplus, will be found within, and in the Annual Reports.

EDINBURGH, April 1872.

JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

LONDON OFFICE: 18 King William Street, E.C.—Mr. J. MUIR LEITCH.

Scottish Provident Institution.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

THE system on which the Profits are divided is specially fitted for dealing with a Surplus arising from moderate premiums.

The assurance secured from the first being so large in relation to the premiums paid, the usual system is obviously unsuitable, by which, in consideration of excessive premiums, Bonus Additions are given (after a few years) to all Policies indiscriminately. Another principle was adopted. *The Surplus is reserved exclusively for those Members who survive the period at which their premiums, with accumulated interest at 4 per cent, amount to the sums originally assured*—no share being given to those by whose earlier death there is actual loss to the Common Fund. In this way a legitimate advantage is secured to those members whose long-continued payments not only provide what is needed to meet the claims of those members who die early, but also create the profit fund itself.

The Surplus is divided at each Investigation among those Policies which have reached the period of accumulation, or will do so within the next seven years—the shares of the latter being set aside for them, to vest on their completing the accumulation. The division being thus among a limited class of the Contributors—although it will comprise more than half their number—the share falling to each is necessarily greater than it would be under the usual mode of division.

The practical effect of the system of thus reserving the Surplus has been, that large additions have been—as they may be expected in future to be—given on the Policies of those members who survive to share.

ADMINISTRATION.

THE SOCIETY has taken a leading part in the relaxation of restrictions on Policies, and in the removal of grounds of challenge.

So far back as 1849 the rule was adopted that error in the original statements should not involve forfeiture, unless proved to have been “*fraudulent as well as untrue*,” and the forfeiture which attached to death by capital punishment, by duelling, and even by suicide (unless occurring within six months), was removed.

Foreign Residence and Travel.—Members (not seafaring or military men) are at liberty, *free of charge*, to travel to or reside in any part of the world (Asia excepted) north of 35° N., and south of 30° S. Commercial men in particular will appreciate the value of an arrangement so liberal and so easily applied.

Licences for places beyond the free limits are given on liberal terms; and when an extra Premium is charged, it has the advantage, according to the equitable principle of the Office, of bringing the Assured sooner to participate in Profits.

A MAP, showing the countries included in the free limits, may be had on application.

Surrenders.—In the event of inability to continue to pay the Annual Premiums, Members are entitled, by an original rule of the Institution, to receive, on surrender, the fair value of their Policy, according to a *fixed Table*, of which examples are engrossed in the Minute Book.

MANCHESTER OFFICE: 19 Brazennose Street.—Mr. F. P. RICKARDS.

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EXTRACTS from PROCEEDINGS at the 34th Annual
General Meeting of the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITU-
TION, held at Edinburgh on 27th March 1872—

Mr. GRAHAM BINNY, Writer to the Signet, in the Chair.

Mr. JOHN COWAN of Beeslack, Penicuik, said—I believe it is expected of me to say a few words on the subject of the Report. Any lengthened remarks would only weaken the force of those figures which have been read; but in order to show you perhaps a little more clearly the remarkable progress which has been made, I shall just read what I jotted down for my own information as to the business of the last as compared with the previous year. In that year, 1870, the new Policies opened were 1163, while last year they were 1336. The amount assured in 1870 was £612,000, and last year £713,000; with annual premiums of £19,500 and £21,000 respectively. The Policies remaining in force at the end of 1870 were 15,206, for £7,189,000; and at the end of last year 16,146 for £7,660,000. The claims arising from deaths amounted in 1870 to £111,000, and in 1871 to £114,000 only—equal to not more than 1½ per cent on the sum assured, a remarkably low percentage over a body comprising members of all ages up to fourscore. Indeed, I believe it can be shown that, whether from care in the admission of members, or other cause, the claims have throughout been on a very low scale in relation to the amount at risk. The means of comparison on such points are to be found in the Government returns, or in the tables of statistics deduced from these, which are now published in a popular form. The total receipts were £275,000 and £297,000 in the two years under comparison. And the realised Funds were—at the end of 1870, £1,765,000; and of 1871, £1,902,000. On this point it is that the progress of our Institution is perhaps most striking. Year by year it is found from the published statistics that its position among the offices is rising; so that, while there are nearly fifty offices its seniors in point of age, there are not fifteen ahead of it in respect of Funds,—and of these all are of much older standing, and some largely increased by amalgamations with other offices.

After briefly stating the principles of the Institution—its moderate premiums, and distinctive system of distributing the surplus—he continued—

The career of the Institution during the last thirty-four years has proved the soundness of its constitution, and the wisdom and vigour with which it has been conducted. And I think the Members should never forget, on such occasions as the present, the trials and the difficulties which necessarily attend the formation of a Mutual Society, and should remember especially how these initial difficulties were overcome in the case of our own Society—by its being conducted, one may say, without expense; by the officers giving themselves, with their whole energies, to its development; and by the Directors serving faithfully without fee or reward.

The Scottish Provident Institution.

Mr Cowan closed with an appeal to Agents and Members to bring Life Assurance before all who had neglected it, and that not for the sake of the office only, but for the benefit of their families and their own peace of mind.

THE CHAIRMAN, in moving the approval of the Report, said—*It tells its own story in figures which words cannot strengthen, and proves beyond all question that the principles of our Institution, though from their novelty and boldness they might not strike so rapidly at first, have now taken deep and lasting root in the minds of the intelligent, placing us in the foremost rank of the most approved Assurance Institutions of the Nation.*

On a former occasion I had the honour to preside at one of our Annual Meetings. This was in 1864; and I see, from the printed Report, that while I then expressed myself very confidently respecting the past, I spoke most hopefully—almost prophetically—as regards the future. At that time our realised Fund amounted to £939,000; but during the eight years that have since elapsed, this sum has more than doubled itself; for our Fund now exceeds £1,900,000; and it is worthy of notice, as showing the rapidity of our recent growth, that, of that aggregate, a sum exceeding £400,000 has accrued during the last three years.

I have been almost constantly a Member of the Investment Committee, and I can bear testimony to the great and untiring pains taken in every case of investment that came before the Committee;—greater care could not have been bestowed although the money had belonged to themselves. I had of

course the best opportunity of judging, along with my co-Directors, of the sufficiency of every loan transaction; and I have no hesitation in saying, in supplement of what our Auditor has reported, that I don't believe the safe of the Institution contains a bad or even doubtful security. My official connection with the Institution is now ended, but my interest in its prosperity can never cease. Without presuming to utter one disparaging word affecting either the principles or the perfect safety of other Scottish offices, I still must say for the Provident that the equity and soundness of its principles have improved in my estimation the more I have studied them and seen their working. And as a tribute to the ability and worth of the Manager and other Officials, and to all the Directors I leave behind me, I beg to assure you that, in my opinion, you could not possibly have your interests in safer or better hands.

The Chairman concluded by referring to the great loss sustained by the death of Dr. Keith Johnston, whose knowledge of the laws of Climatology was of the highest value. It would fall to this Meeting to confirm the appointment of Mr. Cay as Director in his place.

MR. FOX TURNER of Manchester seconded the motion. He said—I am afraid you will some of you think I am making a sort of English raid over the Border, in venturing to deliver a speech in the presence of the old and proven friends of this Association. But I ought to say in my own defence that I have not volunteered to perform this task, but have been requested to do so by those whose judi-

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The Scottish Provident Institution.

cious regulations in other respects led me to follow their directions in this. As some of the Directors are aware, my friend Mr. Midwood, who has accompanied me, and myself, have the honour of being Honorary Directors in Manchester, and I have thus some interest in the affairs of the Institution beyond what I might have had simply as a Member.

In seconding the approval of this Report, I can really only echo what has been said by the two preceding speakers. It is very difficult to gild refined gold. But there is one point to which I may perhaps direct your attention for a minute or two. The Report refers to the collapses which have occurred in the sister kingdom in recent years, by the mal-administration of the principles of Life Assurance. And I may tell you that from that mal-administration I have myself, to a certain extent, been a sufferer; and therefore I feel all the more comfort in belonging to the Scottish Provident Society. In Assurance parlance I went as a Life Assurer into what was then called the People's Provident; and you will be sorry to hear I came out as a European. And, something after the manner of the man who could assure his friends that "honesty was the best policy, because he had tried both," I can say I feel the greatest confidence in a secure and mutual Office, because I had recently tried a dishonest proprietary one. The sweet uses of adversity have, even in regard to these collapses, been evidenced however, for thereby I think we may say that the entire terrain of Life Assurance has been overhauled, the spoilers of the widow and orphan have been exposed—I wish I could say they have been punished—and popular attention has

been directed, as it never has been before, to those sterling principles which are essential to the right conduct of Life Assurance business, and to that sound constitution which I believe in my conscience is best exhibited in the programme of your Society. Whether these salutary influences will continue beyond the point to which attention has, not too soon, been directed by the Government, is in my opinion more than doubtful. It seems to me that, although the reign of imposture has for the moment been checked, the reign of plausibility is about to commence. We find that attempts are made to jockey the old adage which says that you cannot have your cake and eat it—to show that there is a royal road to Life Assurance, in which self-denial and momentary inconvenience have no share. Some birds of evil omen, which we have not heard of for some time, are re-appearing in the Assurance air in new plumage; and I only wish that their re-appearance may make the public a little more cautious. But I am afraid we can scarcely hope for that. It must never be forgotten that our chief aim really is to get people to look into what are sound principles with regard to Life Assurance. And I think I may safely say that hitherto that has been in some quarters the exception, and not the rule. You must likewise remember that the majority of people do not wish to assure at all—that is to say they want to assure, but they don't want to tax themselves in the only way by which a true provision after death can be secured. I feel quite certain there were hundreds of Policyholders in those collapsed companies who were delighted that the companies failed, not because the companies were swindles,

The Scottish Provident Institution.

but because their failure discharged those men from a duty which they had almost unwillingly undertaken. For, Sir, the doctrine of Life Assurance, excellent and beautiful in its first aspect, is only so to men of honourable and conscientious natures. The men of whom I am speaking use it only from motives weak and temporary, when compared with a due sense of that moral obligation which should incite every man to provide for those he may leave behind. I could not enumerate these motives here:—some may assure as a collateral guarantee for a loan; some to get rid of an agent; perhaps some to satisfy the urgency of those who are interested in the future welfare of their families. How can you expect people who insure from these motives to look narrowly into the character of the offices to which they resort? They are all the better pleased if the offices break up. And when you ask them to go to a better they tell you that Life Assurance is a regular bag of moonshine! Now, Sir, I say again I am happy to think that few of the assurers in the Scottish Provident Institution have gone to Life Assurance with such feelings. I believe, really and truly, having looked narrowly into it since I was taken in by the European, that we have got the best system existing for Life Assurance; and the only question with me is how to make this system better known, so that we may have a still larger constituency, and make larger profits ourselves. I am not quite satisfied at present that we are on the right tack with regard to the publicity of our undertaking. I sometimes think this multiplication of Reports, and statements of advantages in every conceivable form and colour—almanacs, memorandum-books,

and advertisements, absolutely run one another down, and become almost fruitless. Take, for instance, an admirable speech which was delivered at your last annual meeting, and which I find printed with the Report—the speech of Mr. Carment. How many people have read that speech? how many people even in this Society have read it? If you can imagine that speech delivered orally to a number of men who were desirous of assuring their lives, I am quite certain it could not have failed of having an enormous effect upon them. It was an admirable resumé of all the best points of your Association—in fact, a diamond treatise upon Life Assurance. I am quite certain that if that speech could have been delivered orally to a number of people who were just on the point of making up their mind with regard to assurance, we should have swept a large proportion of them into our net. Consequently, when Mr. Cowan spoke just now as to the necessity of Agents energising, I felt with him we ought all to be agents in this Association. It is of the essence of a Mutual Society that its Members should be propagandists. We should remember that, in this particular, in doing good to ourselves we are doing good to others, and that in doing good to others we are doing good to ourselves at the same time.

Now the best finish of my speech is to say—Let us all think of this; let us all try to act upon it. A word in season with regard to this beneficent system may peradventure lift up a casual brother into a clearer vista for the future, and at the same time secure for ourselves that priceless solace which accompanies the recollection of worthy deeds.

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£1200
Office

Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,
For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

| Age next Birth-day. | Annual Premium payable during Life. | ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO | | | Single Payment. | Age next Birth-day. |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| | | Twenty-one Payments. | Fourteen Payments. | Seven Payments. | | |
| 21 | £1 16 3 | £2 10 6 | £3 4 11 | £5 10 0 | £33 0 1 | 21 |
| 22 | 1 16 9 | 2 11 0 | 3 5 9 | 5 11 0 | 33 5 10 | 22 |
| 23 | 1 17 2 | 2 11 6 | 3 6 5 | 5 12 1 | 33 11 2 | 23 |
| 24 | 1 17 7 | 2 12 1 | 3 6 11 | 5 13 1 | 33 16 5 | 24 |
| 25 | 1 18 0 | 2 12 6 | 3 7 3 | 5 14 0 | 34 2 0 | 25 |
| 26 | 1 18 6 | 2 13 0 | 3 7 10 | 5 14 11 | 34 8 2 | 26 |
| 27 | 1 19 2 | 2 13 6 | 3 8 7 | 5 15 11 | 34 16 1 | 27 |
| 28 | 1 19 11 | 2 14 1 | 3 9 5 | 5 17 1 | 35 4 9 | 28 |
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| 53 | 4 13 5 | 5 2 5 | 6 3 11 | 9 18 3 | 57 12 11 | 53 |
| 54 | 4 17 8 | 5 6 3 | 6 8 0 | 10 3 5 | 58 17 2 | 54 |
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[These Rates are about as low as the usual non-participating Rates.]

* A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, during life, of £20 : 15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

OR, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 by twenty-one yearly payments of £27 : 13 : 4.

† At age 40 the Premium ceasing at age 60, is, for £1000, £33 : 14 : 2, being about the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life.

GLASGOW OFFICE: 67 St. Vincent Street.—Mr. WM. CHURCH.

Scottish Provident Institution.

THE REPORT

To the 34th Annual General Meeting announced a New Business larger than in any former year—1336 Proposals having been accepted for £713,045, besides Annuities. At the close of the year the Subsisting Assurances were 16,146, for £7,660,376 : 18s., and the Claims from deaths in the year were less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of that amount, having been £114,070 : 1s. only.

The Realised Funds amounted to £1,902,646 : 6 : 11, having increased in the year by £137,395 : 6 : 1. Notwithstanding its moderate premiums, no office of the same age has so large a Fund, or shows so large a yearly increase.

After giving the particulars of the Investments, the Report proceeded—

The published statements of the offices indicate that for some years there has been a falling off in the business of Life Assurance in this country. This fact is due, no doubt, to the unhappy collapse of some offices, and the consequent anxiety as to others, whose published Reports did not contain satisfactory information with regard to their financial position. It has been found, however, that the failures were due to causes not inherent in the business of Life Assurance,—chiefly to a lavishness of expenditure for procuring business, utterly at variance with the ordinary principles of sound administration. The operation also of the recent Act, requiring publication of accounts and other particulars, has tended in a great measure to allay anxiety,—the result having been so generally satisfactory in regard to the great majority of the offices. It is gratifying to be able to report that in each year of the period referred to, the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION has shown a continuous advance, and that this has been attained without undue expenditure in any department. It may fairly be assumed that the fulness and satisfactory nature of the information which has always been given in the Annual Reports have contributed to this result.

In connection with the question of expenditure, there is one point to which the Directors feel entitled to refer, as in regard to it the Institution has taken a decided position in times past. The practice of allowing a COMMISSION out of the yearly premiums to all who claimed it for introducing Assurances, often even on their own lives, had grown to be a serious grievance. Such a claim this Institution has consistently resisted, at the loss, perhaps, of individual connections, but with the indirect advantage which accompanies adherence to right principle. In one of its statements, published a few years since, the following passage occurs :—“This fruitful source of expense” (commission) “was for five-and-twenty years altogether avoided, the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT having declined to give any commission to other than its accredited Agents, until all the Scottish offices but itself had yielded to the practice. While now allowing to solicitors a moderate commission out of the first year’s premium, in acknowledgment of their aid in introducing business, the Directors do not pay to any but agents engaging to give their influence in favour of the Office the continuous commission during the subsistence of the assurance, which is now so generally conceded.” The practice had become so general, and its evil effects so manifest, that it had been made the subject of animadversion in leading organs of the press. It is gratifying now to find that some of the offices are retracing their steps, and declining in future to give commission except in cases parallel to those which are referred to in the preceding extract.

PROGRESS of the INSTITUTION in the last four years :—

| In Year | New Policies Issued. | Amount Assured. | Claims in Year. | Accumulated Fund at end of Year. |
|---------|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| 1868 | 1092 | £541,127 | £80,284 | £1,499,015 |
| 1869 | 1190 | 581,036 | 93,663 | 1,636,249 |
| 1870 | 1163 | 612,025 | 111,057 | 1,765,251 |
| 1871 | 1336 | 713,045 | 114,070 | 1,902,646 |

The Funds having thus increased by £400,000 in the last three years.

DUBLIN OFFICE: 16 College Green.—Messrs. WM. WILSON & SON.

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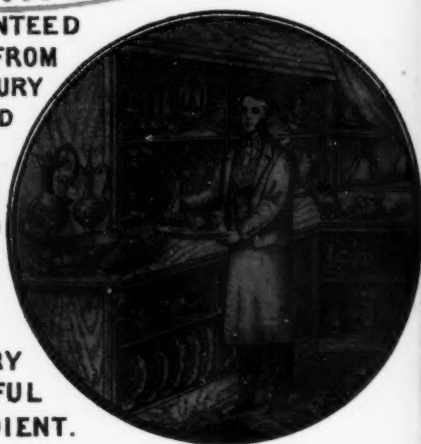
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MORISON'S UNIVERSAL OINTMENT.

This Ointment is recommended as the best external application in all cases of Wounds, Cutaneous Eruptions, &c. In pots at 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d. each.

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